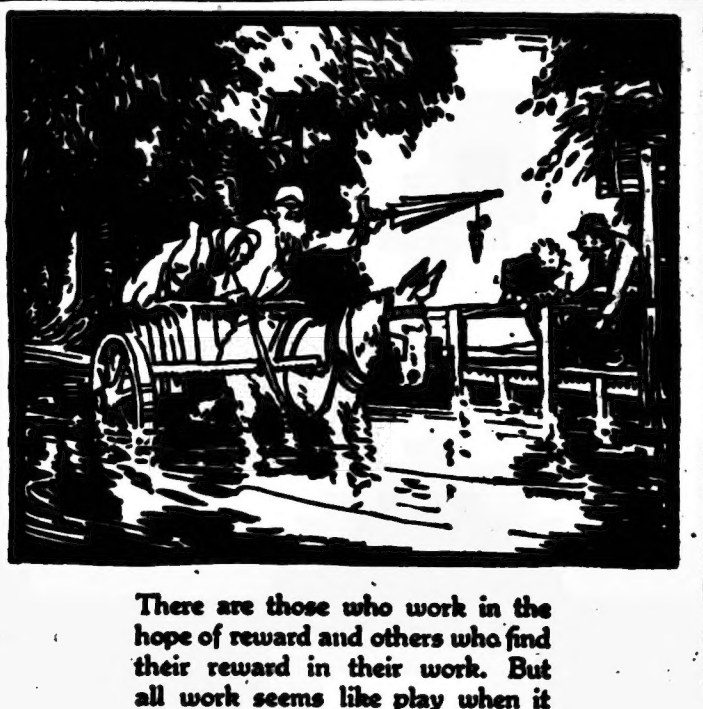


There are those who work in the hope of reward and others who find their reward in their work. But all work seems like play when it is done to the accompaniment of

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IT IS NOW MORE THAN EVER NECESSARY TO EMPTY YOUR PACKET AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE AND LEAVE IT WITH YOUR TOBACCONIST.

P.C.C. 5113

LAST NIGHT I WAS LIVERISH!

TO-DAY I FEEL FINE!

This grand old medicine will always put your stomach right, it will never fail to 'get your liver going,' and put you in the best of spirits. By keeping your system in regular good order BEECHAMS PILLS will enable you to sleep well and wake refreshed—ready for anything.

Purely vegetable

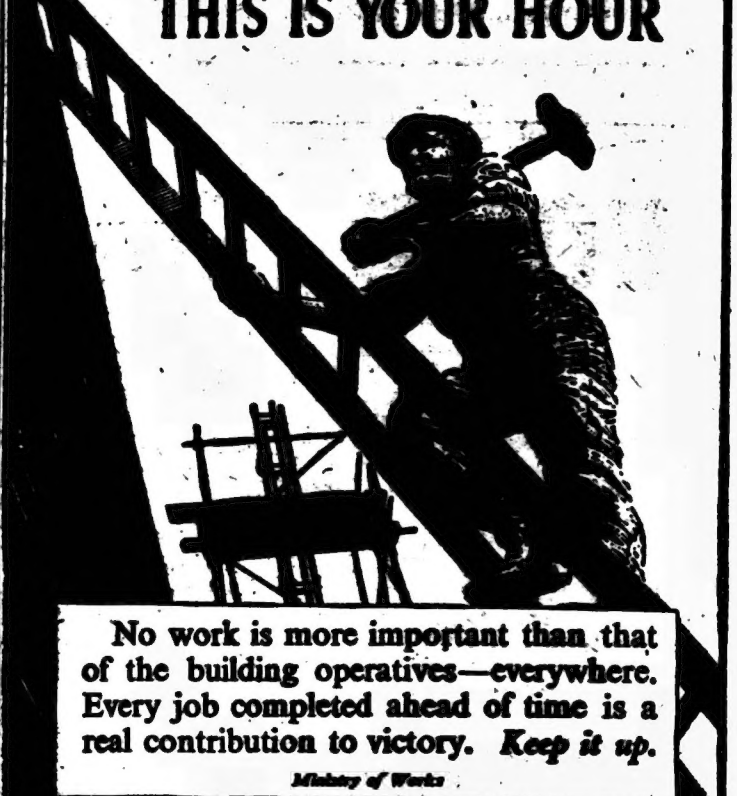
Beechams Pills

Sold everywhere.

Boxes 1/5 & 3/6 *(Including Purchase Tax).* Also obtainable in PENNYWORTHS.

BUILDERS

THIS IS YOUR HOUR



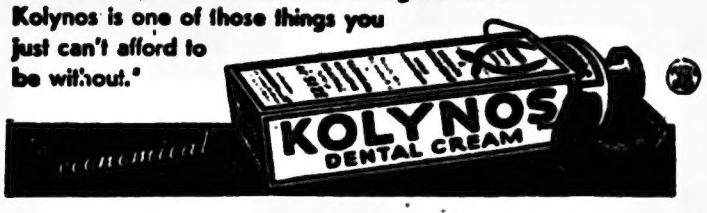
No work is more important than that of the building operatives—everywhere. Every job completed ahead of time is a real contribution to victory. *Keep it up.*

Ministry of Works

The Squadron leader SWEARS by Kolynos!

Not all the Messerschmitts in creation can disturb the equanimity of the Squadron Leader. Whatever the odds, he remains cool, calm and collected, the living embodiment of a refrigerator. When he does swear, his language is deliberate. Witness the occasion when young Smithers, one of his Pilots who had inadvertently left behind his emergency tube of Kolynos, broke formation to return for it. "Mind you," said the Squadron Leader subsequently, "I wouldn't say the excuse wasn't a good one. Kolynos is one of those things you just can't afford to be without."

From all Chemists and Stores at 2/2,1/3&7½d. per tube (Incl. Purchase Tax).



Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

Just Going on Duty but 'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

That regular scrubbing with Family Health Soap—night and morning and whenever you come in—isn't just for cleanliness, it's for health too! Family Health's antiseptic lather does away with the danger of dirt—germs—prevents infection being passed on by your hands.

First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

BLEEDING *Severe bleeding must be attended to first, no matter what other injuries are present. Remember to keep the patient warm.*

KM 73-96-68

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 12, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

EXPOSE THIS

We must pump out propaganda hourly to the French workers.

Split may come there sooner than most of us imagine. Let us make it sooner than later.

French military and naval bigwigs were always pro-German when it came to an alliance to overthrow Russia.

Hitler's ruthless attack on the Soviets is carrying out the Hoffman plan.

General Hoffman even had the support of Foch, who, urging a Franco-German alliance against Russia, wrote to him: "Nothing can be done so long as France and Germany are not united."

Hoffman, monocled, effeminate, disdainful of workers, planned every move of present thrust at Moscow years before his death.

We must tell the 2,000,000 French Communists and millions of Socialists all about this plot, encourage them to sabotage pro-Axis war work.

Straight from the Shoulder

BOMB 'EM HARDER

TIME to help Russia is NOW.

This is the moment to relieve the tremendous pressure on our new ally by striking with all our might at the German rear.

Next month may be too late. Next autumn may be too late. Next year will be too late.

Why Wait!

JOHN BULL is impatient. It wants the whole country to be impatient.

Let us have no patience with those who say, "If Russia can hold out till next Spring, then we shall get our chance."

We have our chance right here. A chance to pile up our arms without interruption by the enemy. A chance to use those arms against the enemy.

To the Attack

We must seize that chance. We must hound and harry the enemy. We must distract and daunt him on every sector that is within our reach.

We are taking the offensive in the air. The R.A.F. strikes at enemy bases with the same brilliant skill and daring as it defended our own bases a year ago.

Its boys in light blue have become our advance army.

Bomb Them Hard!

Bombing is our quickest and most effective weapon of assault. It is our strongest method of demoralising the enemy.

But if we are to use it now on the largest possible scale, we need to amass vast reserves of machines and munitions.

Are we building enough bombers? Have we enough bombers of the latest types in use now?

Daylight Raids

Mr. Churchill's promise is being fulfilled. We are beginning to bomb Germany by day as well as by night.

So far, on a small scale. It must be developed and extended.

But that will call for long-range fighters to protect our bombers. And the lack of long-range fighters has been one of our greatest disadvantages during the last year.

Is it being remedied?

Sabotage

There are fighting forces other than the R.A.F. that can be employed in this hour of great opportunity.

Now, when the Nazis' attention is riveted on the vast incalculable battles in Eastern Europe, we can undermine their holdings in the West.

Sporadic landings for sabotage are well within our capabilities.

Eastward Ho!

In the Middle East, too, new possibilities arise. There are new openings for us to strengthen our positions.

Wisely, Generals Auchinleck and Haining have been sent to Cairo. They are big men, and they have a big job to do.

Not less important is the mission of Oliver Lyttelton, newest member of the War Cabinet. Indeed, it may prove one of the most important moves of the war.

No News

But the Cabinet has not been wise in other recent moves.

We are impatient with the Bloomsbury blundering, the hamstringing of the pathetic Ministry of Information.

Incredible that the Government still does not realise the need to release news swiftly, to improve our propaganda, to avoid being outwitted by crafty Dr. Goebbels!

Weapons Wanted

Above all, we must be impatient with all who delay arms production.

We have simply got to have more. It doesn't matter *how* so long as our workers are assured of a square deal.

More bombers. More ships. More guns. More tanks.

Lord Beaverbrook is concentrating on the last. We can expect him to deliver the tanks.

Asset and Liability

He won't allow conventional business methods to impede him. For he is a highly impatient man.

His impatience is one of his gravest defects as well as one of his biggest assets.

We must hope that in his impatience to produce the tanks he won't cramp the production of other weapons.

Short Time

We want his angry impatience to be felt in some of the munition factories now under his control.

This is the state of affairs in one of the greatest of those factories:

Some of its departments are very busy. But a department concerned with small arms and tracer bullets has been on slack time for two months.

Waiting for Work

Its workers leave at 5.10 p.m. most days, at 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They have to loaf about.

They have complained in vain. They ask in vain for transfer to departments that work twelve hours a day for seven days a week.

Do you wonder they are impatient?

Atlantic Breakers

Let us have no patience with the dim-sighted fools who believe that the Battle of the Atlantic is overshadowed by the Battle for Russia.

Let us heed the warning of Col. Knox, Secretary of the U.S. Navy:

Continuance of shipping losses at the present rate must bring victory and world domination to Hitler.

Speed the Ships

That is the stark truth.

More ships must be built to counteract our losses. Better management of shipyards is needed to produce those ships.

Sack Him!

Manager of one factory wanted a private air raid shelter. He obtained new steel plates from a neighbouring shipyard.

His men were engaged for days on making the shelter. When finished, the sections were delivered to his house.

You see, now, why JOHN BULL is impatient.

Unprotected

We are impatient, too, with those responsible for the defence of Britain.

Many fields ideal for 'plane landings are still unprotected.

Some may be wanted as emergency landings for our craft. A scheme should be drawn up for their defence by picked troops at short notice.

All others should be blocked by insurmountable obstacles.

Quick Moving

That should be done quickly. The need for speed in every branch of our war operations is paramount.

Recently, a great Home Guard exercise was held in the City of London.

You read of the ingenuity that was shown by all ranks. But the officer in charge had to declare that the movements were not speedy enough, that the building attacked could easily have been captured by the "enemy" within the first few minutes of the exercise.

Resigned

You read, too, that a detachment of the Home Guard engaged was drawn from a railway company. Its men were well armed.

But equipment in other detachments from that same railway company leaves much to be desired.

Men are resigning from one company of 220 men—because there are only 47 rifles, 18 bayonets and three automatics available for them.

Supply of such equipment, let us repeat, must be speeded up. Impatiently!

Keep Them Busy

We must make the best use of every fit man and woman in the country.

We must be more ready to effect transfers.

For example, men in a R.A.M.C. unit have not had one patient in a year. They spend their time on polishing equipment.

Why cannot they have been employed in helping the overworked nurses in bombed cities?

In Harness

In short, our whole war organisation should be tightened. All our resources must be harnessed.

The Russians have fought magnificently in the world's greatest battle. But they are in danger of running short of supplies.

So we cannot tell when we in Britain will have to face the full power of the enemy's resources.

Our Hour

This is the hour when we must prove ourselves a greater nation than ever before.

We must strike hard at the enemy. We must work hard.

Some of us have exciting parts to play in the fields of fierce combat. Some have humdrum work to do in the factories of our towns. Some of us have to toil in the fields of growing crops.

All are vital. All must give of their best.

(Continued overleaf)

FOR EVERY READER

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Heavy new penalties have been imposed in occupied territories to prevent discussion of latest Nazi troop movements or Soviet resistance.**

● *Strain on German railways is shown by closing of certain lines to the public during the day, and by instructions not to put questions to railway officials because "these officials are always overworked."*

● **Quality of Soviet men and efficiency of Moscow's staff work have shocked Nazi High Command, whose blitz plans were confidently based on a big Russian defeat within a week. Reports persist that Hitler cannot hide his deep anxiety.**

● **Another shock was the poor fighting standard of Hungarians and Rumanians. These armies are being withdrawn from the front to exchange duties with Nazi garrisons behind the lines.**

● **Even Mussolini doesn't like the attack on Russia. He has feared for some time that Hitler has decided there is only room for one dictator in Europe.**

● **Vichy's break with Russia has not been as popular as French quislings expected. There is little enthusiasm in the empire, and none in the navy.**

● *Surprising developments are taking shape in French North Africa. Animosity between Weygand and Darlan is now open; some Vichy orders to Weygand have lately been ignored.*

● **German Foreign Office has been ordered to use all possible means to prevent formal American declaration of war.**

● **R.A.F. daylight raids over Germany has tempted large bodies of workers to leave the target areas.**

● *So desperate is the German labour position, in fact, that the Reichsbank has been ordered to thaw "frozen" Italian and Swedish credits if further batches of these nationals can be induced to work in Germany. Nearly 500,000 Italians are already there, but are giving a lot of trouble.*

● **Sympathisers with the Allies still scribble "V"—for Victory—on Paris hoardings. Vichy supporters retort with a "P"—for Pétain. But the V's outnumber the P's by more than a hundred to one.**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

UNDER consideration in Whitehall is National Farmers' Union proposal that all fit farm workers should be made Home Guards.

They would be exempt from military service. But, while keeping food production at its maximum, they would also be trained to meet the enemy in event of invasion.

'Phone Fear

Three Home Guards on manœuvres entered a country pub in Hertfordshire.

"Anybody know how to use a telephone?" they asked.

They had to ring up with a report, but all three lads—quite intelligent young fellows in other respects—were afraid of the 'phone.

We are teaching Home Guards about the lessons of Crete. But first we might make sure they know how to ring up and say "Germans are landing."

Crocks on Guard

Two miles away—and also in Hertfordshire—we met a Home Guard who had the whole of his thigh shot away in the last war.

He moved with painful slowness, with the aid of a stick.

It would have taken him half an hour to reach the main road if he had seen Germans landing.

We are not criticising his spirit or his courage. We are sure they are wonderful.

But men who are almost a match for Joe Louis try in vain to get into various Hertfordshire Home Guard units.

Muddling Along

Coal question is still being muddled.

In some places, miners are not allowed to work full time. In others, race meetings are held near the pits and are a temptation to absenteeism that some of the men can't resist.

Elsewhere, again, production is held up because skilled men have been taken away for unskilled work in the Army.

Women First

Nor does there seem much more sense in the great call-up.

Women weavers on short time are being transferred to war work. But men weavers in the same village are exempt from military service.

Couldn't they be replaced by women?

Employers' Dodges

Employers are still beating the call-up by ordering non-essential workers to register as essential tradesmen, and thus claim exemption from the Services.

Some workers, however, beat the employers by revealing the dodge to us. And we see that Whitehall hears about it.

Square Peg, Round Hole

The Army, of course, does just the reverse. It turns "essential tradesmen" into unskilled labour.

A plumber, of twenty years' experience, has been in charge of such big jobs as equipping hospitals and hotels. Now he's in the Army—on "fatigues."

He has tried his utmost—supported by his trade union—to transfer to a unit where he could use his skill. He has failed. Of course!

W.O., Please Note

Next, we must draw the attention of the War Office to a unit stationed in Wales.

It is alleged that batmen, medically certified as unfit for heavy duties, are kept long hours on fatigues in addition to their job of looking after the officers.

It is said that men have been ordered to walk a mile or more to the beach for bathing even when they have reported sick and been excused duty by the medical officer.

Those who have protested have been marched there in full kit.

Serious

Cases are also reported of N.C.O.s putting stones in the packs of men ordered fatigues or punishment drills.

Finally, it is alleged that men were called from their beds at 11 p.m. to parade in full marching order because one sick man had failed to salute the commanding officer.

JOHN BULL regards these complaints as serious. They deserve serious investigation by the Adjutant-General.

Oranges for Sale

Oranges were recently on sale in three N.A.A.F.I. canteens that serve one regiment.

Price was 2½d. each in one canteen, 3d. in the second, 3½d. in the third.

Only N.A.A.F.I. can explain why. It might also tell us whether it had paid 12s. 6d. a case for those oranges—about ¾d. each.

Petrol in Plenty

Another question: Why are hundreds of motor-coach excursions still being run every week-end?

. . . . Many of them are just "pub-crawls."

So much so that publicans on the routes are having to close their taverns in order to reserve beer for local inhabitants.

Animals in Wonderland

Petrol and labour are wasted, too, in taking live cattle on long road journeys, and then bringing them back as meat to the original town.

Flour is transported from southern towns to the North. Other flour is taken from Northern towns to the South.

Eggs are sent from London to packing stations 150 miles away. When packed, they are brought back to London.

Good News

They manage such things better across the Atlantic. Latest and epochal piece of organisation is the agreement between President Roosevelt and Mr. Mackenzie King.

Henceforth, Canada and the U.S.A. will pool their economies so as to prevent overlapping, save material, and get the best from the industries of both countries.

Let us hope it will survive the war and become part of a world-wide economy.

What a Waste!

Glaring example of false economy is provided by the Air Ministry.

Large farm was bought for an aerodrome site. The farmhouse was pulled down, hedges torn up, and a great deal of money spent.

Then it was found that the subsoil was too soft, so the work has been abandoned. The subsoil might have been tested before work began—but that isn't the official way.

Paying for Bombs

People in badly bombed towns are expected to pay more for the privilege of living there. Those in safe areas enjoy financial benefits as well as quiet nights.

You see, when shops and houses are wiped out, owners of surviving property have to pay higher rates to compensate for the fall in the town's revenue.

Asking Sir Kingsley

Deputation of M.P.s and Mayors intends to ask Sir Kingsley Wood for State grants to make up the rates revenue of bombed towns.

Then the safe areas would have to bear their share of raid costs.

That's only fair, Sir Kingsley.

Thankoffering

Put aside a penny for every raid-free night, twopence if there's a raid in your district, and you escape harm.

That is the admirably simple idea of the Thankoffering Scheme started by the Lord Mayor of London to aid his National Air Raid Distress Fund.

We hope our readers will support it by regular contributions—in such numbers that extra postmen will have to serve the Mansion House.

Don't Marry a Policeman

Less happy than the lot of a country policeman is the task of his wife.

In the North of Scotland, for example, she is paid 10s. *a year* for cleaning an office and a cell attached to it.

Her man is often away for a day or two. Then she has to take 'phone calls, sound the air raid siren, look after the office, and cannot leave the premises until the constable returns—without payment.

Sweated labour?

Turned Away

Trade unions' objection to unlimited dilution is understandable. But a little more latitude should be negotiated.

Skilled engineer, sent by a London employment exchange to war work in the North, was turned down because he had not served five years' apprenticeship under the boilermakers' rules.

Skilled aliens in the Pioneer Corps could be transferred to war work in industry if the unions would agree.

Four a Day

Excellent move is that men who served in Crete—from generals down to privates—have been brought back to lecture on the lessons learned there.

But we wish the men sent to these lectures could be given a better cigarette ration than four small ones a day.

Hoarders

Pretty mean, too, is that some people are spending a few days of their week's holiday at one place, the rest at another.

If you don't stay five days at an hotel you needn't surrender food coupons. So, by changing over, holiday-makers can get a full week's meals without coupons—and use the coupons for double rations at home next week.

For A.R.P. Only

Civil Defence workers will remember our note on the fine organisation that offers them a free country holiday.

They should now note that the address at which to make inquiries is 6, Cadogan Square, London, S.W.1; 'phone number, Sloane 9951.

TWO PRICELESS MONTHS

WHATEVER the outcome of the Russo-German war, we may assume with sober confidence that the Nazis will have to maintain their principal strength on their Eastern front for *at least* two months.

The Russians may hold out much longer than that; they may, indeed, not only interfere with Hitler's time-table, but upset his calculations altogether. We prophesy nothing except eight weeks of invaluable respite.

American statesmen, no less than our own, are alive to this "golden opportunity." It is possible that before this issue is on sale the United States will be taking an active part in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Our Government, however, is neither waiting for, nor counting on, American intervention.

It is attacking from the air by day as well as by night. We must see that these attacks are intensified.

BUT, WHATEVER MAY BE THE OUTCOME OF THESE NEW MOVES, IT IS CERTAIN THAT A NAZI INVASION OF THESE ISLANDS WILL STILL BE ATTEMPTED.

In any case, the recent lull in the enemy's air attack will be broken by furious raids. This is something more than an odds-on chance: it is as near a certainty as can be calculated by reasoning and observation.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

What then? We have two months—two priceless months—in which to complete our preparations for the final Battle of Britain, whatever form it may take.

And JOHN BULL asks its readers how they intend, personally and collectively, to take advantage of this providential pause this golden opportunity.

Let us, for once, leave the Government out of our calculations. We have criticised the failures and shortcomings of its various departments on many occasions, and we shall do so again whenever we can make useful suggestions or draw attention to remediable mistakes.

But what are we doing ourselves to back up the efforts of our leaders? Sometimes we complain that their leadership is hesitant and uncertain. Is our collaboration disciplined, definite and persevering?

We envy and admire all who can answer this question with a fearless affirmative, for most of us can do nothing of the sort.

Take, for instance, the relatively small matter of gas masks. How many of us carry them, and know that they are in good working order?

It is possible that Hitler will never use gas, but, as the posters remind us, should he decide to do so, he will send us no warning.

CIVILIANS CAUGHT IN THAT EVENT WITHOUT MASKS OR WITH DEFECTIVE ONES WILL NOT ONLY ENDANGER THEIR OWN LIVES, BUT THEY WILL ALSO BE AN INFERNAL NUISANCE TO THE COMMUNITY. BY THEIR NEGLIGENCE TO-DAY THEY RUN THE RISK OF IMPAIRING OUR WAR EFFORT IN TIME OF CRISIS.

Again, the Government has issued a series of pamphlets giving us practical advice in regard to many things, including air raids and possible invasion.

Thousands of men and women have never troubled to read these pamphlets; tens of thousands have glanced through them only to throw them away; and we fear that hundreds of thousands of otherwise good citizens have failed to take full precautions for the safety of their own households and the welfare of the community.

Neglect of this sort is inexcusable, but those whose consciences reproach them still have time—two precious months—for practical repentance.

LET THEM SET THEIR OWN HOUSES IN ORDER AT ONCE; CLEAR THE ATTICS THAT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN CLEARED OF INFLAMMABLE LUMBER TWENTY MONTHS AGO; TRY OUT THE STIRRUP PUMPS THEY HAVE NEVER USED; AND SEE TO IT THAT THEIR SHELTERS ARE IN GOOD REPAIR AND READY FOR USE EVEN IN WINTER TIME.

To do all this, and to make sure that one's family is trained in advance against emergency, is mere common-sense, but more is required of us than self-protection.

For to-day, more than ever before, a decent citizen must be his brother's keeper. There is local shortage of all sorts of defence workers, and all of you know that the gaps could be filled if every fit man and woman were willing to fill them.

Many have not been willing hitherto. When danger seems remote *everybody* is tempted to get slack, particularly in little things. But there is a selfish minority which has been slacking from the start.

JOHN BULL warns all such idlers that danger is less remote than it seems. They have their chance now to get into touch with their local A.R.P. organisations and train to play a useful part in the defence of the community.

This is no time to pick and choose. The test of loyalty is willingness to serve as and where needed, even in little things, for little things, well accomplished by millions of people, produce vast results.

Fire watching is a little thing by comparison and undeniably tedious. But it is immensely important, and, generally speaking, it is neither well organised nor cheerfully and honestly carried out

IF WE WAIT FOR A NATIONAL SYSTEM AND UNIFORM COMPULSION, WE MAY HAVE TO WAIT TOO LONG. OUR DUTY IS TO FALL IN WITH OUR NEIGHBOURS AND TO WORK WHOLEHEARTEDLY FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR OWN STREETS.

We are not addressing these remarks to men and women in the Services, but to all civilians, irrespective of class and occupation. Many of them are doing splendid work already, but most of them could increase their efforts, at least in certain directions.

Women, for instance, can always help or hinder the Food Ministry. They must not hoard, but they should try to conserve the emergency supplies which so many of them laid in many months ago.

ABOVE all, they should be honest with their rations, and see to it that their traders are honest, too. Let them refuse to pay profiteering prices even for uncontrolled goods. There would be no black markets if there were no greedy people to shop in them.

Men and, of course, women, too, could do a great deal to relieve the tobacco shortage by exercising a little self-denial. They are only asked to smoke eight cigarettes where they used to smoke ten. Instead. too many of them think it clever to buy up bigger reserves than they ever dreamed of keeping in the house before.

Soap is plentiful, but a mere hint in the Press that it might become scarce led only the other day to another of these stupid raids on the shops.

This combination of selfishness and needless fear is hampering the national war effort in many directions. The basic petrol ration for private cars is to be cut by a sixth next month, and none too soon.

But it would not have been necessary to make this cut if every car owner had behaved with a proper sense of war time responsibility.

If private motoring were stopped altogether we do not think the national war effort would suffer. And, if it is not to be stopped, then the honest user of "supplementary rations"—the man who really needs his car for business purposes—ought clearly to be given, not a smaller, but a bigger and adequate allowance.

Selfishness and carelessness are sometimes hard to distinguish. Motorists have been warned never to leave their cars ready for any enemy parachutist to drive away in them. But they still do it because, we suppose, the poor fools think that sort of thing can never happen here.

And, though thousands of decent folk are raising all the food they can in gardens and in allotments, many thousands of others still think spade work much beneath them. They have not even the sense to see that the day may come when they will be glad to have a few vegetables on their own property.

IN this connection it must also be noted that thousands of householders are growing more than their families can possibly consume.

WE MAKE THE SUGGESTION HERE THAT THESE PRODUCERS OF SMALL, SURPLUS CROPS SHOULD CONSULT THEIR LOCAL COUNCILS, AND DO THEIR BEST TO COME INTO A GENERAL SCHEME FOR THE COLLECTION, PURCHASE AND DISTRIBUTION OF GOOD FOOD THAT MAY OTHERWISE GO TO WASTE.

This country needs the willing initiative of the general public quite as much as it needs authoritative direction from above.

No publicity campaign can make people save money, but no sensible person with any money to spare would wish to do anything with it just now except lend it to the Government.

All this—it may be objected—is a lecture on old and familiar themes. We do not dispute it. We are simply reminding you here and now that the golden moments of opportunity are passing with terrifying speed.

Victory is ours if we will but use them now. We can count on two months of respite, but there is not a moment to lose.

HUMAN MACHINE

Here are the Clues

● To say "there is nothing new under the sun" is not merely to state an empty platitude.

There may be different forms and different aspects, but the fundamentals of all that make up our lives have probably been used again and again.

Somewhere, written and on record, is the answer to most, if not all, of the problems that vex us.

This being so, there is a plain duty laid on us all.

"Every thinking man should get all the illumination he can from the beacon-lights of the race, and do his little towards the utilisation of the accumulated wisdom of the world. . ."

That is profound wisdom. There is something shocking in the willingness with which so many of us impose a mental black-out on ourselves.

"Why," said this writer, "do we leave our Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton unread?"

There is untold wealth in the printed pages of the world's best books. It takes a little hard work to get at it—true.

Yet there it is, and to-day, more than ever, we should do more to see that the accumulated wisdom of the world's greatest spirits is used to the full.

OPEN LETTERS

The Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—Minor officials still thwart you.

They arouse resentment among would-be war workers. They muddle your plans for mobilising man-power.

A young woman was ordered to register with her age group. The time fixed was between 6 and 7 p.m.

She arrived at 6.45 at the Kingston-on-Thames employment exchange.

A woman official bullied her for being "late." She was told she was too late to receive attention.

Fortunately, another official courteously intervened.

A little incident. But many incidents of this kind would have a disastrous effect on the public.

From the Kingston exchange came another disquieting story.

An ex-Serviceman who had passed with honours through one of your engineering courses reported for a war job. He was told that no work was available.

However, he was informed that he could take a chance at a firm not registered with the exchange and which offered less than trade rates. He did not take it.

With this result: he has been given 3s. 4d. unemployment benefit for a week!

Again, four disabled Welshmen were sent from Rhyl to London for heavy labouring in a foundry.

They were naturally rejected by the works manager—and returned to Wales as "stranded workers."

It won't do, Mr. Bevin. I know you'll agree.

And I hope you won't allow the willingness of our workers to be blunted by petty officialdom.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Bevin wants to put every available man and woman on war work. But he is being "let down" by unimaginative officials

The MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS, Bath

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot believe that your citizens are proud of you.

Your A.F.S. men are having the awkward sum of 1s. 1.85d. deducted from their wages each week in order to provide them with a uniform.

Next, no doubt, you will expect them to pay for the water they use in fighting fires.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P., Secretary for India

DEAR SIR,—It cannot have escaped your notice that Indian opinion has been profoundly influenced by Hitler's invasion of Russia.

Congress supporters have resigned. Demand is growing for fuller co-operation in the war.

Many Indians believe that an immense stride in this direction would result from a meeting between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru to discuss Indian problems after the war.

Will you not seize this unique opportunity and release Mr. Nehru from jail for such a meeting?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK OGILVIE, Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR,—Some of your alleged comedians are still turning the air blue. Indeed, their feeble jokes are getting cruder and dirtier.

I am no prude. But I think it highly undesirable that family entertainment should sink to the tawdry depths of the lowest music hall.

Perhaps you will issue another reminder to your programme controllers?—JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM C. KIPPEN, Kemnay, near Aberdeen

SIR,—Police officers from Liverpool travelled to Aberdeen to refute your statement that martial law had been declared in Liverpool after a bad air raid.

You were lucky to be fined only £5. A lucky, mischievous fool.

Stick to your own business of distributing beer. Let those who *know* distribute information.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CECIL WHITELEY, K.C., Common Serjeant, Old Bailey

MY LORD,—Sometimes quite a petty criminal case attracts nation-wide attention. So it has been in the case of a London woman who cheated her German maid of £140.

The money has been restored. The victim might have thought that, because of her nationality, this would be an end of the matter.

But you have sent her mistress to jail for six months.

"Let Justice Be Done" is a proud inscription in the Old Bailey. Justice has been done.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALEX MAXWELL, Tobacco Controller

DEAR SIR,—One Sheffield dance hall offers a free packet of cigarettes to every couple. Another advertises cigarettes for sale to its patrons.

As in Sheffield, so in other cities.

It's a rotten principle to induce war workers to buy dance tickets in order to get a smoke. See that shops get first call on supplies!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT HOOVER, Ex-President of the U.S.A.

SIR,—I have never intruded in American affairs. But your curious attitude affects Britain, too.

You apparently feel that as the wicked Bolshies have been drawn into the war your country should do no more to help us. You dare talk of Hitler in the same breath as "ideals of democracy."

It is as well that Britain should know who are its friends and its opponents.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor W. J. BARKER, London Traders' Federation

DEAR SIR,—I know by my own investigations that your allegation of a "black market in sweets" is true.

Newcomers to the trade are cornering confectionery supplies. "Some of these alligators," you protest, "are putting £500 a week into their pockets."

You blame wholesalers for supplying them. But I also blame big retail shops for paying inflated prices that the public eventually has to bear.

Let them refuse and prices will soon fall.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HUGH JONES, K.C., Cardiff Stipendiary

YOUR WORSHIP,—You're right. "People are getting very restive about overcharges. They must not be fleeced in this way."

You said that when dealing with food price offenders. And then spoilt it by letting them off with fines ranging from £3 to £8.

Do you really think you will thus deter the profiteers from fleecing the public? I don't.—JOHN BULL.

Lord DAWSON of PENN, Famous Physician

MY LORD,—It is unfortunate for the Government that people are drinking more milk. Unfortunate, because lack of feeding stuffs makes it difficult for the Government to keep up milk supplies, and a vast number of cows have had to be slaughtered.

But this more-milk-drinking business is a grand investment for the nation. It has reduced the risks of war diseases.

None the less, tuberculosis is increasing. So we need more milk—and still more.

That is why I welcome your plea that the Government should put milk on a par with munitions. To prevent any milk shortage during next winter, dairy farmers should have first call on feeding stuffs.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—I rarely congratulate you, but I do so now in full measure.

Selfishly, because your Pharmacy and Medicines Bill to outlaw quack remedies will save me a lot of work—I shall no longer have to warn my readers against dangerous "panaceas."

Unselfishly, because the whole public will be protected against a vicious form of fraud.—JOHN BULL.

I Spy for Hitler

★ A GLAMOUR GIRL tells this amazing story of her adventures as a "Nazi spy" here in Britain. It was make-believe during invasion tests, of course, but the results were alarmingly real and show how carelessness—and even vanity!—could cause havoc if the enemy did land troops.

I HAVE been for a week a minute cog in the British Army's Intelligence machine during Invasion manœuvres somewhere in England.

For seven days I posed as one of Hitler's spies on the "enemy" side in order to glean some of those scraps of information which, when pieced together like a jig-saw puzzle, assist one side to build up the other's Order of Battle—strength and disposition of forces, their type and armament, and so forth.

Nobody helps more to complete that puzzle than loose thinkers and loose talkers; and my special Invasion exercise as an enemy agent was to put tongue-waggers to the test.

That Dangerous Minority

I operated in two or three counties of England. I found that the vast majority of people with whom I came in contact were carefully spy-conscious, without, fortunately, being spy-mad, as that would send our Intelligence officers on endless and wasteful goose-chases.

But a small and dangerous minority I met, though cautious, were not cautious enough.

They did not give away obvious information, except in one or two cases. But, through thoughtlessness or ignorance, they imparted to me less obvious and seemingly trivial though really most vital facts

I encountered no traitorous conduct.

I started out with one natural advantage.

My looks make me what some would call a Glamour Girl, and my type is notorious for having more beauty than brains.

So it required no effort on my part to put the unsuspecting, the vain and the careless off their guard.

Vanity, indeed, filled my bag of information more readily than anything else.

Women gave away things to me by "showing off."

Men proved, as always, to be absurdly (and in my case dangerously) vain before a woman in a way they'd never dream of behaving before another man.

They preened themselves and confided to impress me. Especially when aided by a little alcoholic stimulant, or the thought of a prospective romance deliberately encouraged on my part.

The General's H.Q.

That is why I spent many hours of my week in drinking places like hotels, public-houses, restaurants, and social clubs behind the lines of the defending army as the mimic Invasion battle raged between their side and mine.

I sat sipping cocktails in the lounge of a country town hotel, exerting all my wits to extract exactly nothing from a tight-lipped young lieutenant, when a lady of some social importance locally provided me gratuitously with a piece of information that might well supply the missing link my enemy side was waiting for over my portable wireless transmitting set.

She was impressing her friends by telling them she was an old friend of a Divisional General, giving his name, who, "by an extraordinary coincidence, don't you know," had his headquarters at the old manor house only a mile from here.

"A really grand sportsman, so attached to his men," she described him, adding that the previous day he attended an athletic event between two of his units, which she named.

I scarcely believed my ears.

I made an excuse to buy my lieutenant a drink. "Charming woman," I told the barmaid. "Yes," she replied, "she's the Hon. Mrs. ——, of ——."

Within five minutes I had consulted my survey map, located the old manor house on it, wirelessed a coded message.

Within an hour, I learned later, the General's H.Q. had been "dive-bombed" into a ruin.

That woman, unlike me, thought her information harmless. She was incapable of weighing her words. She must have felt foolish afterwards when dealt with for giving away valuable military secrets.

Next evening, I spent some time at an all-night café on a main arterial road, looking and behaving in my changed disguise as much like a domestic servant with an evening off as I knew how.

The café was a long way from the Middle East, and talk which turned our thoughts in that direction seemed very safe.

It started when a girl wearing an engagement ring said she had spent the day in London with her soldier fiancé buying tropical kit, as his unit, billeted locally, was moving within a few days, and she was marrying him before he went.

Circumstantial Evidence

That prompted a lorry driver to remark that when passing through the next village a few minutes earlier he saw a battery sergeant-major with an armful of solar topees.

"Yes, his lot's the 503rd. Smart crowd. Just been equipped with 25-pounders, or so a customer of mine on whom some of 'em are billeted told me," chirped in the café proprietor.

I was amused to notice how naïvely all these good people avoided the obvious comment that these troops were going to the Middle East. They were careful, but not careful enough.

Their circumstantial evidence would be welcomed by my enemy Intelligence Staff.

I'd no doubt they'd heard from our agents in other parts of the country that a wife in Birmingham said her husband, belonging to another regiment stationed in our area, was home on embarkation leave; and that similar talk had been reported from Liverpool and Glasgow.

My news about tropical kit, 25-pounders, and named unit, might just complete the picture for my chiefs, telling them what Division (or at least what type) was leaving our area and where it was going.

I'd still more luck to come.

"Give you a lift?" asked the lorry driver, mentioning his destination. Mine was ten miles along the road, and I readily accepted.

No doubt he fancied himself with a not unattractive domestic up there on the seat beside him in the dark, and you couldn't exactly blame him for slipping an arm round my waist, as I did not resist.

We became very chatty, exchanged addresses so that we could arrange another meeting on my next evening off, and he confided in me that he was carrying a load of a new type of anti-aircraft shell.

He pulled up at my rooms, came in for a drink and then another one or two "for the road."

He drove off looking very pleased with himself over his adventure.

But while he had been with me an accomplice of mine had examined one of his precious shells and learnt all about it.

This is not the girl who reveals her adventures, but another who acted as a "spy" and was arrested during big Home Guard manœuvres in the City of London

This information found its way to the enemy shortly afterwards.

No doubt that lorry driver was suitably dealt with.

It was the same with a factory worker who thought it safe to tell me as I wore W.A.A.F. uniform (for the occasion) of Radiolocation before Mr. Churchill's Government had permitted even the name of the war's best-kept secret to be publicly mentioned.

Experts of most sorts are godsends to the spy. They love to talk "shop" among "themselves." The penalties are severe, and I hope they have been imposed in all their severity on some of the loose-talking experts I have reported. The public has a right to be protected against them—and against itself!

News of an Offensive

I wound up my week rather well. A sector of our enemy front was being heavily "dive-bombed," but my chiefs were uncertain whether it was the real thing or a feint.

Two R.A.M.C. privates obliged me by supplying the pretty conclusive answer. I eaves-dropped on them at a social club into which someone had invited them for a cup of tea.

"Busy, Bill?" asked one. "No," replied the other. "A bit slack. We've evacuated our wounded and cleared the hospital."

Now, armies almost invariably clear hospitals when and where they take the offensive, and probably it was just that last bit of confirmatory evidence that my side wanted.

Bill has since been busy learning not to trust every girl he sees in an A.T.S. uniform!

My invasion Manœuvres Week as Hitler's spy taught me an outstanding lesson.

Nobody told me a word that they *thought* was a valuable military secret or would reach the enemy. And if they had only confined their war talk to what they read in the papers or heard on the wireless they would have thought *right*.

Important Trivialities

What a pity some enterprising newspaper or the wireless does not start a "Red Herring" game or jig-saw puzzle which would be both amusing and at the same time would help us to put local war news questioners off the scent, and make us all realise that it is the "trivial" bit of information that is the most dangerous of all.

Human nature being the same everywhere, the same truth applies to happenings "round the doorstep" wherever the war effort of Britain and her Allies is carried on. In our island fortress, behind the Middle East battlefields, in the Dominions, in All-Aid America.

To air their inside knowledge and not appreciating its importance, people love to "shoot a line," as the Americans say.

Some of them, especially, to a pretty girl.

My spy week proved it.

Vanity, more than anything else, filled my bag!

Another of Commodore G. Purssey Phillips' thrilling stories of the Merchant Navy will appear next week.

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE . . .

Write to 'John Bull' About It!

RENT RACKET GOES ON

MONTHS have passed since the Ministry of Health promised to end the great rent ramp. But it still goes on.

Many of its victims are the wives of officers and soldiers who, leaving bombed areas, naturally want to be near their husbands while they can.

In a Home Counties town, some of them are paying between 30s. and 40s. a week for single rooms in cottages which, before the war, were let furnished at 15s. a week.

In a Northern town near an Army camp, seven guineas a week is demanded for a small furnished flat.

One R.A.F. officer's wife writes to tell me that she is paying £2 10s. a week for a small furnished room in a house rented at 7s. 6d. weekly!

£3 for a Room!

Furnished cottages in Yorkshire, normally let at £1 a week, are now being rented at three times as much; in one case £3 is being charged for a single furnished room with use of bath.

Alderman Charles Gill, Chairman of the Bristol Housing Committee, reveals the plight of bombed-out people in his area.

A family of four have to pay 30s. a week to sleep in a barn!

In a near-by village, four guineas is charged for board and lodging of the most modest kind.

Now, what is being done to stop such infamous racketeering?

The Ministry of Health has just reported that, since the outbreak of war, fifty-four prosecutions have taken place under the Rent Restrictions Act, of which forty-eight were successful.

Had it shown that a thousand prosecutions had been made, the public might have been better assured that the evil was being adequately tackled.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

The Minister has sent a circular to all local authorities, reminding them of the gravity of the position and urging them to "take action."

Some authorities realise their responsibilities and are taking effective steps.

But many "small town" councils hesitate to take the initiative, or won't be bothered.

Others are not sure how far they can go, and how far the present laws will back them up.

A few days ago, members of the Llandrindod Wells Council held a meeting to consider the Ministry's circular.

They decided that it was useless to take proceedings until the Rent Restrictions Act was amended.

They did so because cases they had previously brought against people had failed.

Loophole for Landlords

One word—"extortionate"—is causing a lot of trouble. It provides a big loophole in cases brought by local authorities against landlords.

For the sake of both magistrates and local authorities, it needs a clearer legal definition—especially in regard to sublet premises.

Some local authorities may shirk their duty. Yet the Ministry of Health cannot undertake prosecutions itself.

Then there is too much reluctance on the part of victimised people to give evidence.

"If I don't pay the rent demanded, someone else will and I shall be turned out with nowhere to go" is the view taken by many tenants who are being fleeced.

Clearly, the whole position is unsatisfactory.

Thousands of Cases

Reports from all over the country show that thousands of evacuees from bombed towns are being scandalously exploited.

I know a landlord who normally let a house for 22s. 6d. a week. Now he lets it furnished at ten guineas a week.

In another case, over a period of many months, six guineas was paid each week for one sitting-room, two bedrooms and a very small kitchenette.

A woman bombed-out from her London home managed to secure meagre accommodation in a small village cottage. She was forced to pay £2 10s. weekly.

When the local council heard about it, they decided to see the owner before taking proceedings. Rather than risk a prosecution, he reduced the rent to £1.

Similar action by a local authority in the Midlands resulted in a landlord who had been getting £6 a week for a poorly furnished cottage reducing it by half and refunding the difference rather than be taken to court!

Such "personal contact" cases are infrequent, unfortunately.

In a Surrey town, three furnished rooms and a kitchenette are let for four guineas. A Henley reader writes: "After being bombed out of my London home I came down here, and am paying three guineas weekly for accommodation let for 25s. before the raids started."

From a Welsh town I have a typical complaint about three rooms, originally let at 12s. 6d. a week, increased to 30s., and now to 50s.

Landlords in a big way are the chief offenders. But even small householders are now joining in the disgraceful ramp.

Some at Droitwich, themselves paying only 8s. 6d., are charging poor people £1 a week for two rooms.

In another town, a house rented at 12s. 6d. has a one-roomed tenant paying 35s. without any board or service.

500 Per Cent. Increases

From Barnstaple, I learn that a minority of landlords are charging rents 400 to 500 per cent. above normal.

Now that the finer weather is here, some parts of the pleasant Thames-side have its racketeers.

Wooden hutments, usually catering only for week-end parties and generally waterlogged at flood times, are being offered at from six to fifteen guineas a week. The biggest only have three bedrooms.

In some cases where magistrates have refused to convict, M.P.s have been consulted, and I am glad to know that the whole sorry business is likely to be raised in the House of Commons.

The remedy is plain.

New and adequate legislation must be introduced; local authorities and magistrates given clearly defined and wide powers, and the Ministry of Health empowered to order prosecutions when local councils neglect their duty.

Alderman Charles Gill, Chairman of Bristol's Housing Committee, has spoken from experience of the gravity of this "rents racket"

Stop These Bodysnatchers

BODY-SNATCHING doctors, heedless of recent instructions from Whitehall, still insist on clapping unfit men into khaki.

I expressed polite scepticism when those instructions were issued to medical boards. I promised to remain vigilant.

My justification has been provided by an astonishing—almost incredible—case brought to my notice this week.

* * *

A man of thirty-eight had a medical history in youth of pleurisy, pneumonia and dysentery.

Then he developed tuberculosis, for which he received sanatorium treatment.

Quiet living and his wife's care have enabled him to maintain some semblance of health.

Lately, he was summoned to attend a medical board for the purposes of military service.

Very rightly, in view of his record, he was referred to a tuberculosis specialist.

* * *

Examination, including the use of X-rays, revealed profuse fibrosis—a growth of fibrous nature.

This condition was ascribed by the specialist to "a tuberculosis basis."

The patient returned to the medical board with the consultant's report.

Then came the disgraceful sequel:

The man's papers were marked "Grade II." Which means that he will be called-up almost immediately.

He will, of course, be a liability and not an asset to the Army.

The country will spend a great deal of money on training a man who cannot possibly become a fit soldier.

He will run the grave risk of his health breaking down entirely under military service.

If this happens he will be invalided out. But he will be denied pension because his disability would not be due to military service.

There is an even more important consideration.

* * *

If a man develops active tuberculosis while in the Army he may spread the disease among his comrades before his condition is recognised by the medical officer.

Such are the implications. I am taking steps to prevent their becoming facts.

But that a man in this condition should even be passed for military service is a highly disturbing fact that I commend to the immediate attention of the Ministry of Labour and its medical boards.

Snares Set for Housewives

NICELY worded advertisements in small local papers are offering in increasing numbers "instructions" how to get over the jam, marmalate and jelly shortage.

Some of these "instructions" are useful; others are not worth a tenth of the prices asked for, and readers should be wary about sending money in advance.

Only safeguard is to deal with firms and shops you know.

* * *

It's the same with aerial accessories offered by strange salesmen in market places.

I constantly hear from people who make worthless purchases when an outlay of only a few more pence in genuine shops would give them proper value. Latest complaints concern a "filter" at the cost of a shilling. It doesn't function.

* * *

A Blackpool firm is advertising extensively the sale of lucky amulets which are said to contain drops from a famous wishing well entitling holders to several separate wishes, all of which should come true! It is surprising the faith people place in such balderdash. Even soldiers are sending money for this silly charm, which at two shillings and ninepence is just sheer robbery.

* * *

On at least half a dozen occasions I have devoted considerable space to the astonishing masquerades of an intellectual impostor known as "The Hon. George Charles Gore-Crellin." His dupes include even shipping firms from whom, without a bean, he ordered luxury yachts.

After a trial held behind screened doors at the Old Bailey this man has just been sent to jail again, this time to fifteen months for grave offences under the General Defence Regulations and Official Secrets Act.

A detective said he was once referred to as a "Man of Mythical Millions." That's what I called him years ago.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. R. T. JOHNSON, Greenhill Road, Leicester, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Information he sent me is most valuable.

Write about any subject needing inquiry or exposure, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

MAURICE FAGENCE, in his search for war-time changes, went to find what had happened to some of Covent Garden's famous institutions. He came back hot and angry because he stumbled, by accident, on

Big Back Room Scandals

I CAN'T claim to know where the flies go in the winter time.

But I do know where the gooseberries go during a war time summer. And the new potatoes.

And all the other vegetables and fruits which, the moment the Ministry of Food decides to control them, disappear from the ken of the ordinary housewife whose ordinary husband has to fight this war.

What's more, I didn't need an army of inspectors such as Lord Woolton employs to find out.

Where Whitehall Fails

I found out by accident. And it is a strange thing that, since the moment this war began, newspapers have been finding out by accident what Whitehall and all the teeming millions of money it commands can't find out by design.

I set out with the most innocent of aims. Nothing more contentious than to find out what changes war-time has wrought in Covent Garden market.

What has happened to the Christmas Tree King who, punctually on December 26 of any year, started planning for the next Christmas?

What we are doing with our gigantic banana warehouses now that it's a case of "Yes, we have no bananas"?

Where are the wild cats which haunted those cellars—wild cats far wilder, I assure you, than any I met in the Persian desert?

Do the market porters miss the poisonous tarantula spiders which sometimes brought a touch of jungle danger into the heart of London?

And naturally what has the Government control done for the centre of the British fruit and vegetable trades?

Anyhow, I aimed at being just pleasantly informative, which is a mood readers sometimes like.

And now, instead, I feel angry. I couldn't write a good-tempered article if I tried.

To begin with, I found my way into a room full of gooseberries.

Mountains of gooseberries! Gooseberries fine enough and fat enough to tempt any woman into sacrificing her little emergency stock of sugar for one big gorge of English fruit after a winter of shortage.

Not for Housewives

But not one gooseberry was for them.

They were for the hotels. No woman will taste a whisker of them, except as a diner-out, at one shilling, eightcempence, a portion.

Women were cleaning them up and topping and tailing them for sale to the hotels, which apparently can't bother to buy them unless they are absolutely ready for the table.

And as fast as a woman finished a consignment, another mountain was shovelled into reach.

Now, these women get ten shillings a day preparing gooseberries for sale to the hotels.

Are the hotels paying control price for them?

I have no reason for saying that they are not. If they were paying ten shillings a pound for them, I'd have no means of finding out.

I do know that there have been none to speak of in the London shops.

I do know that the women of Britain would pay full control price for them, with tops, tails, dirt and all.

Why they can't get them is one of the mysteries our Ministry of Food, for all its legion of inspectors, cannot find out.

I found it very hard to find peas in the greengrocers' shops that day.

Yet a warehouse was full of women "shucking" them for the hotel trade.

Women in my own office were telling me of a Saturday morning wasted in a vain search for new potatoes.

The trade was telling us that potatoes were late this year—that there were hardly any new potatoes to be had.

Yet in another warehouse women were scraping vast quantities of them for the big London hotels.

"Strawberries?" one dealer asked me. "My wife hasn't tasted one this year, and I'm in the fruit business. She is coming up to a London hotel to-morrow to sample them.

"All through last night they were being prepared for hotel tables in dealers' warehouses in this very street."

There is another point. Covent Garden porters find their earnings reduced by half because nurseries are selling direct to consumers — often hotels and big fruiterers.

That Mysterious Wangle

If a nurseryman decides to sell everything he grows at double price to some luxury buyer, cutting out the ordinary consumer altogether, who is to know?

The housewife, robbed of supplies altogether, is left with the idea that there's a wangle somewhere.

Habitués of luxury hotels shovel down their rich diet and agree that it isn't such a bad war, after all.

And that's an end to it.

Make no mistake. For most of the decent people in Covent Garden market—and, I suspect, in most markets—this is a time of harder work for less money.

Lorries for Covent Garden still thunder into London by every entrance road throughout the night. They kept on right through the blitz.

The pubs still open at 5 a.m.

Roysterers entirely unconnected with the market still turn up at 5 a.m. for a drink—to be told "Sorry, this isn't a night club."

You'll find more women than ever among the early-morning drinkers—preparing food for those hotels.

You hear these early-morning workers speaking of certain firms that make illegal conditions of sale—won't sell onions, oranges, or something else in short supply, unless the buyer takes other goods as well.

I saw one real philosopher among them, although he wore a leather apron.

"Hitler will never starve this country out," he said. "The only people who can are the food speculators and the cheats."

These are people who have handled billions of oranges in their time.

Show them one, to-day, and they will look at you as though you are a magician.

They Know the Facts

They are London's best humorists. They are the hardest-swearing people in the British Empire. They are the kindliest people I have ever met.

Strange that the Ministry of Food has never tried to contact them.

If they did, Lord Woolton would learn so much about the food cheats that he would, spend less time in threatening and more in acting.

Do you remember sights like this? There is much less fruit now, of course, but it can still be seen in great heaps—if you know where to look

HOW R.A.F. IS CHANGING GERMANY

By Willi Frischauer

THREE weeks of incessant British air attacks on Germany have justified one of Mr. Churchill's most ambitious promises.

During these last three weeks more than four tons of British bombs have been dropped on Germany for every ton of Nazi bombs on Britain.

From all available reports, official communiqués, Nazi admissions and neutral observations I have gathered a clear picture of the effect of this terrific offensive against Germany.

It is a picture that should hearten all of us.

Hitler's Reich Defence Commissars never dreamed they would one day be the most harassed men in Nazidom. But no one now envies men like Florian and Grohe, the Defence Commissars for Western Germany.

The R.A.F. has not aimed at the deliberate bombing of civilians. But the vast scope of its offensive, and the ingenious scattering of Nazi war factories, have made havoc among civilian dwellings inevitable.

There are wide stretches of ruin everywhere. Vast areas have been roped off to prevent the people from seeing the extent of the damage.

★ ★ ★

A few months ago the Defence Commissars issued strict orders to house-owners to have bomb damage repaired immediately. Housecowners to-day merely smile grimly at those instructions.

While the R.A.F. raids were only occasional, supplies of building material arrived regularly.

Now it has become impossible to keep up with the job.

Industrial leaders are imploring the Defence Commissars to stop the unofficial evacuation from industrial areas. It has left them practically without labour.

Women who were pressed into munition work have simply disappeared—for they have followed their children to safe areas in Southern Germany and Austria.

★ ★ ★

An American who has just returned home after working on a German ship between Norway and the Baltic has described the state of the Nazi's chief ports.

Hamburg is a dead city. A few months ago, theatres and cinemas were filled every afternoon. Now they are empty. Many have closed down.

Traffic is that of a village. The docks and harbour installations are virtually unusable; the city that lived on shipping is moribund.

Unemployed Hamburgers — Hamburg was the stronghold of German Communism—refuse to be shifted, rather go hungry.

Kiel is evacuating all its civilians. The R.A.F. has left a terrifying signature imprinted on its skyline.

Communal feeding organisations have not functioned well.

In almost every case after a bad R.A.F. blitz, the Reichswehr has had to fill the gap. Army kitchens alone have been able to provide food.

There have been angry scenes in some bombed cities to which Goebbels sent spick and span S.S. guards with bands "to cheer up the population." Worn-out, tired and dirty women, who had spent the night in coal cellars, greeted the S.S. musicians with bitter resentment.

Travelling inside Germany, a problem in pre-war times, is now almost impossible.

Train journeys scheduled to take five hours cannot be accomplished in two days.

Passengers are left stranded in little villages for days on other occasions. The few people who obtain seats on fast trains are equally uncertain when they will reach their destination.

Because of these conditions, and because distances in the Reich are great, the evacuation of children means separation from parents for an indefinite period

★ ★ ★

Nazi children have been taken as far as Rumania and Poland, but now these evacuated children have to be brought to another area which is not threatened by the Nazi-Soviet war.

German parents, few of whom were accustomed to separation from their children (for Germany has never taken to the boarding-school system), are utterly miserable.

In Berlin, war weariness has brought an outbreak of hysterical gaiety. Night clubs are crowded, champagne flows as during the worst days of inflation. Nazi officials are spending fantastic sums.

But the first reports arriving after the beginning of the war against Russia hints that the spirits of the common people have dropped still lower.

The Germans feel they have enough enemies already.

SOUND THE BAT

Russia may be Hitler's death-knell. Assume it isn't. We all know where he would attack next; but first he would make his most cunning peace bid. It can be met with a smashing blow now

Says A. G. GARDINER

HITLER has two main objects in view in his Russian adventure. One is the short-term object. If he is to finish the war this year, as he has promised his people that he will, he must first invade and conquer this country.

But to do this two things are necessary:

(1) Our Atlantic life-line must be so effectually cut that we shall be starved of supplies and rendered practically defenceless.

(2) He must be secure from attack in the rear by the one country in Europe which is still formidable.

THESE TWO OBJECTS ARE NOW BEING PURSUED CONCURRENTLY. IF THEY WERE ACCOMPLISHED WITH SUFFICIENT SPEED, HITLER RECKONS THAT THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW TO BRITAIN, WHICH HE FAILED TO DELIVER LAST AUTUMN, WILL BE POSSIBLE THIS.

That is the short-term scheme. But there is a long-term scheme. If things do not go according to plan in the Atlantic and in Russia, and the attempt to conquer this country has to be postponed to an indefinite future, he must have resources far in excess of what he commands for the needs of a long war. Russia can alone supply them, and since Stalin has refused to surrender them on his terms, he has decided to take them.

Let us assume the worst. Let us *assume* that his lightning plans in the Altantic and in Russia come off, and that, say, in October, he is in a position to launch his war machine at these islands.

Before he does that he will launch something else. He will launch his peace offensive. He will (assuming a decisive victory over Russia) be in a powerful position to do so.

He will have made himself master of all Europe from the Urals to the English Channel. He will have his puppet governments in control in every country he has conquered. He will be able to claim that his New Order is accepted and established over the whole Continent of Europe.

He will no longer play the part of the ravening wolf among the sheep-folds. He will be magnanimous. He will regret the painful duty he had to perform of burning a hundred cities, trampling on a score of defenceless nations, massacring hundreds of thousands of non-combatants—men, women and children.

HIS PURPOSE WILL BE TO OFFER US ANY BAIT THAT WILL ENTICE US INTO HIS TRAP.

There will be the usual hymns to peace, the usual assurances that he has no more territorial claims to make, the usual bids to come in and join in the share-out of the world's loot.

We must be prepared for that interlude. Not that there is reason to fear the spirit of this country. We have our simpletons and our knaves, our Fascists and our intractable pacifists. And not all our potential Lavals, Darlans and Quislings are under lock and key.

BUT THE MIND OF THIS COUNTRY IS MADE UP, IRREVOCABLY, INFLEXIBLY, AS IT HAS NEVER BEEN MADE UP ON ANY GREAT ISSUE IN ALL ITS HISTORY.

It has been stated once for all by Mr. Churchill when he said:

We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the Nazi régime. From this nothing will turn us—nothing. We will never parley, we will never negotiate with Hitler or any of his gang. . . . They will be delivered by us on the morrow of victory to the justice of the Allied tribunals.

That is our first war aim. And the next is to meet Hitler's peace offensive based on the world enslavement of mankind by a peace offensive based on the liberation of mankind in all lands.

It should be declared now. And it can be declared now if the English-speaking world will seize this fateful moment to speak with one voice and act with one purpose.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHO IS QUENTIN REYNOLDS?

● His Postscript was one of the most talked of wireless speeches of the war.

"Who is he?" everyone asked.

Reynolds, like many other American journalists who have achieved fame, was a sports writer.

He started in Brooklyn, and then, merely because his boss heard him order a meal in German, he was sent straight off to Berlin as a Hearst reporter.

Arriving there the very week that Hitler achieved power, he soon saw that Fazidom was cruel and evil.

A big, smiling thirty-six-year-old Irish-American, whose slogan seems to be "Boys, the drinks are on me," he laughs his way through life, kidding people, and staying up late.

He now works for *Collier's Magazine*, "on space," which means that if he writes an article he is paid for it.

It was his personality rather than the words he used that put his broadcast over.

"Ah, you don't know how much trouble I take," he told me immediately afterwards. "I rehearsed it and mastered every word."

Reynolds has done almost as much for us in America as Dorothy Thompson—talked over the broadcasting systems from London, toured the States on a lecturing tour, spoken the commentary for two propaganda films, and written "The Wounded Don't Cry."

Nearly every penny has been given to our war charities, or bought Spitfires.

Yet Reynolds, like his colleagues, has been heavily censored by our fat-headed Brass-Hats.

His admiration for London under the *blitz* amounts to idolatry. He is a great guy.

As for his own perils in air raids, he dismisses them with the words, "Death is for suckers."

IS AMERICANESE MORE EXPRESSIVE?

● It is true that in recent years phrases like "Okay," "Sez you," "Spilling the beans," have crept into our common talk. But, considering it is spoken from every cinema screen, it is strange what little effect it has had.

The truth is that the English language is the most expressive in the world. It has taken from all our invaders breadth and vitality while retaining its essential basis. It has been improved; it has never been destroyed. Norman-French was the last influence—until American films came along.

When you consider that in America there are over seventy European races, the older people among whom still speak their original tongues, the changes made in the English spoken there have been singularly slight. It has been vitalised, but not so much as you would think.

On the other hand, in the more English parts of the States they talk a purer English than we do. Words like "gotten," never heard here now, are still current.

IS EDEN SO POPULAR?

● In the most recent Gallup poll of public opinion, 37 per cent. chose Anthony Eden as Churchill's successor—if one were needed—with Ernest Bevin and Beaverbrook runners-up, each with 7 per cent.

I deny that these Gallup polls mean anything. I challenge the statement that if you asked any 100 people in the country, "Who should be the next Premier?" 37 would reply "Anthony Eden."

Most of them have never thought of such a thing. If they did say that, I am sure they would be floundering about, trying to think of a name.

It is true that when, in 1935, Baldwin was pretending he supported the League of Nations, Anthony Eden was an asset to his Party. He had good looks.

But his failure to expose the fact that it was by Mussolini's orders that he was kicked out of the Foreign Office—his refusal to "turn my fellow Conservatives down" in an hour of world emergency—marked him more as a man ruled by tradition than possessed of strength of character.

Were I asked to name the next Tory Prime Minister, I should hazard "Oliver Lyttelton."

But, then, will the Tories decide who it is to be? They now depend too much for their existence as a Party on Winston Churchill, whom for years they kept out of office.

WHY HAS FINLAND RATTED?

● Finland, now fighting with the Germans against the Russians, is suddenly our enemy.

Yet her Government is largely Socialist, most democratic!

It must be remembered that, until the last war, Finland was under the Russian Czardom, that Germans went in to help them fight against the Bolsheviks during the revolution, and that, like a very large number of Poles, the Finns are by tradition more anti-Russian than anti-German.

Then Stalin's recent attack on Finland, however justified it may have been politically—for Moscow foresaw that Germany wanted the land it was seizing—made Finns hate Russia bitterly.

Unfortunately, the new Finn-German alliance will have bad effects in the United States, where there are many Finns, and where there is a legend that Finland was the only country that paid its war debts.

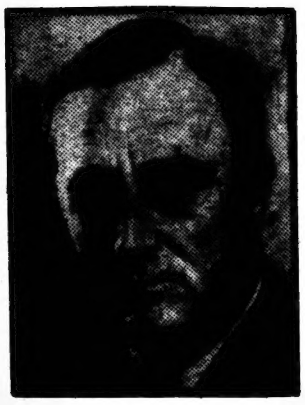
Finland never had any war debts.

After the Armistice, she bought from America unwanted Army stores and paid for them with timber which the States then wanted.

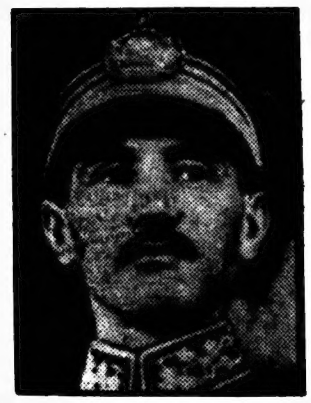
Apart from all that, Finland had no choice than to submit to Germany's all-dominant aggression.

TTLE-CRY!

WINSTON CHURCHILL



FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT



CHIANG KAI-SHEK

That point has nearly been reached. President Roosevelt's "Four Freedoms" speech and Mr. Eden's definition of our war aims at the Mansion House were in complete harmony.

It only remains for that harmony to be expressed in action. And with the statements of Col. Knox and Mr. Ickes, two of Mr. Roosevelt's principal colleagues, that America must destroy "the German menace in the Atlantic," that action is imminent.

THIS WILL BE THE MOMENT FOR THE TWO ENGLISH-SPEAKING DEMOCRACIES TO GIVE THE BATTLE-CRY AGAINST HITLER'S NEW ORDER OF UNIVERSAL SLAVERY. FOR THAT BATTLE-CRY AND THAT LEADERSHIP THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM IN ALL LANDS—IN THE TERRORISED LANDS OF EUROPE AS MUCH AS ELSEWHERE—IS WAITING.

For with the two great Commonwealths of Britain and America committed to the same goal of victory, and the same programme of world reconstruction, the death-knell of Hitler's New Order will be sounded.

TOGETHER our two Commonwealths form a League of Freedom that can decide, not only the war, but the future destiny of the world. They encircle the globe, they control its vital resources, they command the seas, and they hold the six keys of the ocean gateways.

Whatever happens in Russia or elsewhere, their power is decisive. And the League of Freedom they embody will be no instrument of a conquering race. It will be open to all who accept the gospel that lawless force is the enemy of mankind, and that law, peace and co-operation are its salvation.

With the dreadful experience of what Satanism let loose on the world means, the nations are athirst for this gospel, this New Order of Security and Freedom.

Witness what is happening among the governments that have taken refuge on these shores. They have seen the dreadful error of the past that left their countries to be stricken down and butchered one by one. In pursuit of their trumpery national dignities and rivalries they have lost all.

How eagerly they await that summons to that World Order which will restore what they have lost, and, by the sacrifice of a few "sovereign" vanities, will give them security, peace, the reign of law and that "pursuit of happiness" which should be the goal of all earthly government.

Needless to say, the names of those countries will be inscribed on the banner of the League of Freedom. And there is a still greater name that should take second place to none.

IN this mighty struggle for the soul of the world no country has suffered so much or fought with such heroism as China. And I doubt whether in the eye of history even the name of Mr. Churchill will transcend that of Chiang Kai-shek. China is the third member of the Axis of Freedom.

And when the war is won and her land is cleansed of the invader, she is destined to be one of the chief pillars of the New World Order. In the prospectus of that Order, which should be soon issued, the name of Chiang Kai-shek should accompany those of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt.

And there is a final deadly stroke we should deliver at Hitler's coming peace offensive. If my reading of the significant appointments in India is right, that stroke will not be wanting.

It is one of the tragedies of the war that the full weight of the mighty Dependency has not been engaged in the struggle.

India, with a population as vast as that of China, occupies one of the key positions of the war. Japan casts its shadow over her from the east. Hitler's shadow, if he defeats Russia, will darken her from the west. Her people are passionately anti-Nazi.

Yet, for reasons which I cannot discuss now, her immense power has not been thrown into the common cause. Is it too much that what has happened then portends a concordat that will release all the energies of India on the side of liberty?

If that is so, the forces of freedom are mobilised for the advance. They await the signal. They await it not only in the unconquered lands of the earth, but equally in the lands that groan under the Reign of Terror.

THE SIGNAL SHOULD NOT BE DELAYED UNTIL HITLER HAS LAUNCHED HIS PEACE OFFENSIVE. IT SHOULD BE GIVEN NOW, WHILE HE IS BOGGED IN RUSSIA.

In the darkest hour Lincoln issued his decree of Emancipation, and it changed the face of the war. Let us follow his example. Let us announce the Magna Carta of world emancipation from the thraldom of German terrorism.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

This Golden Age of Youth

PERHAPS some of you think I write too much about money. Perhaps you think I place an unduly high regard on the part it plays in our lives.

You may be right. But the study of money, its evils, its virtues, its reactions on individuals, has always fascinated me. Maybe that's because I have mixed with all manner of men in the economic scale, from multi-millionaires to beggars.

The latter whined for money; the former, having it, pretended to scorn it, a pose as shallow as it was hypocritical.

I have often heard it argued that a man or woman who earns money has the right to dispose of it as he or she wishes. I doubt that argument. It is anti-social and it can create a lot of trouble.

In times of war the argument is transparently fallacious. For the economic duty of all is to live as simply as possible and to divert to the national war chest as much of one's earnings as one can.

That is only one of the economic problems arising out of war. Others are not so much economic as moral.

★ ★ ★

For instance, I read the other day of a boy of sixteen who earns £3 a week for driving a horse and van. He keeps 25s. a week of his wage for pocket money.

From the purely economic point of view it is right that the boy should be well paid. He is doing a man's job and in so doing releases a man for national service.

He is probably a good lad, an efficient lad. Whether he is a better lad with 25s. a week to spend is debatable. Few adults, let alone boys, acquire the art of handling money wisely. And more boys have been spoiled by too much money than the world knows of.

When I was sixteen—and that was in war time, too—I was paid 7s. 6d. a week as a junior reporter. I was doing a man's work, too—"covering" tribunals, town councils, courts-martial, and other engagements.

When I came back from the Army I had difficulty in persuading grateful employers to take me back at 30s. a week. And in the economic chaos of post-war years thirty bob didn't go far.

I survived the lean period. But I did not learn to have that wholesome regard for money which is supposed to come from experiences such as mine.

There are no hard-and-fast rules. Many a boy brought up in luxury shows in later years a careless disregard for wealth.

★ ★ ★

I recall especially two such boys—one titled, the other the son of enormously wealthy parents. To this day, though they are now middle-aged, they are contemptuous of money—when they have it.

Experience after experience, periods of poverty, even of hunger, have failed to change their outlook. The one lesson they will not or cannot learn is that of treating money with respect.

But there are other men born to riches who grow miserly with the years. Their regard for money increases until it dominates their lives and drains from them every vestige of humanity, every trace of joyfulness.

At the other end of the economic scale you may find equally unaccountable reactions. Some successful men who knew poverty in boyhood and adolescence learn the lesson of adversity and never permit themselves a wasteful item of expenditure.

They are thrifty. And they build for themselves a comfortable home and an old age free from worry.

Yet there are many men who, coming from poor homes and succeeding in the world, spend their money with a lavish disregard for its value.

But when I think of the boy of sixteen earning £3 a week—he, too, probably comes from a poor home—I see the worst possible combination of circumstances: youth, comparative wealth, and the immediate atmosphere of a frugal home.

There lies the moral danger. I hope our youths will not be spoiled by inability to handle incomes too big for their years.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THOUSANDS of three-ton Army lorries go round the various training circuits of the country to enable recruits to learn the handling of these vehicles.

They travel empty, save for the one or two lads at the back who are waiting their turn at the wheel.

When a pupil is passed out, he is passed out as the driver of an empty vehicle. He never knows what it is to drive a full one until he is with a unit.

Meanwhile, vast quantities of Army stores are being sent from town to town in the various commands by train.

Surely the huge fleets of trainer-lorries could be used to ease the pressure on our transport services? It would save fuel, and I am sure result in some improvement in the skill of Army drivers.—G. Sims, Mansfield, Notts.

It's Officialdom's Way

Why the craze for registration?

First there was national registration. Canvassers came to our doors to find out everything about us.

Then we had to register in age groups for military service.

Next came industrial registration.

Now towns are ordering the registration of people between eighteen and sixty for civil defence.

There'll be some other form of registration next week, without doubt.

And one complete registration of everybody, with penalties for failing to notify changes in material particulars, would have covered the whole lot.—L. R., Stoneygate, Leicester.

Mother—Soldier's Friend

My soldier son has just sent me his vest and asked me to darn it. Postage, 6d. each way.

Last week it was his socks. Such postages make a big hole in his money and mine.

Surely, with so many women eager to serve with Army units, it would be possible to attach a few needlewomen to every big unit.

Darning socks isn't good training for fighting Germans.—Mrs. Thorne, Royston, Cambs.

Costly Comforts

I am one of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who were supplied, last winter, with gloves, scarves, etc., knitted for us by the wonderful women of this country.

Quite suddenly, the other day, we were asked to hand these gifts in. Every N.C.O. and man who couldn't do so has had to pay for them—and at a good price, too.

These were not a Government issue. They are things it is very easy for a soldier to lose.

Why should we have to pay for gifts in which the Government has no concern whatsoever? — Private Soldier, Middlesex.

Army "Crimes"

Ex-soldier Flint says he believes in discipline in the Services—the more the better.

Yes, but may the soldiers signing this letter ask what he means by discipline?

For instance, an absolutely raw recruit with this unit has just been put on charge, the allegation being that his gas cape, when rolled, was half an inch more round than the regulation size.

Six men were charged last week for wearing their hats at slightly the wrong angle.

Another rookie has been charged because, just as he was coming out for parade, he broke a button from the sleeve of his tunic.

Is that discipline?—Six Soldiers, Somewhere in Somerset.

It isn't. It is plain nonsense.

Luxuries Oust Medicine

BECAUSE of tropical illness contracted in the Army in the last war I have to take quinine.

I have called on seven chemists in the last two days for supplies—and each has said: "Sorry. No quinine tablets. Quinine comes from tropical countries, you know, and I don't suppose there is shipping space."

Shipping space, my eye!

Some of that 4s. 6d. a pound cheese (without coupons, as long as you can pay the price) came from a South American country that produces quinine.—S. G., Epsom, Surrey.

We made test inquiries of four chemists. Two had no five-grain tablets (kind usually sought by malaria victims), one had fair supplies. Last said: "We can let you have our last fourteen tablets loose." And that's bad.

Teachers Despised

JOHN BULL urges that our schools should start to train youngsters now for the tasks of reconstruction.

Excellent. But you may not realise that the teachers who impart such practical knowledge are the "poor relatives" of most teaching staffs.

I teach engineering and building in a secondary school, and, despite full college training and eleven years of practical experience, am the lowest-paid member of the staff.

Too many of our schools are in the hands of "classics men" who think a pittance is enough for a man teaching the trades which JOHN BULL rightly thinks so important.—Teacher, Scotland.

Colour Bar

Why is a London hotel allowed to refuse accommodation to Sir Hari Singh Gour, leading Indian lawyer?

The executive responsible should be shipped to the East, where Indian soldiers and their white brothers are fighting side by side, under one flag, to trounce the Italians.

Such hotel managers should be hounded out of business.—J. W. Harvey, 70, Welbeck Street, Mansfield, Notts.

And such managers usually give first refusal of a job to Italians.

Circular Cruises

Not far from Liverpool is a small boating lake in which small motor-boats spend the day chug-chugging round in circles.

The occupants are on holiday—but they all seem to me to have sufficient strength to give a pull on an oar.

I repeat—they sail round and round in circles, like goldfish in a bowl.

They can't be doing war work. They can't even be shopping. There would be no point in them giving anybody a lift, because they are going nowhere.

All the usual excuses for supplying petrol for private use fail in their case—as, I expect, in thousands similar.—W. A. T., Eastern Drive, Liverpool.

Late Sleepers

That added hour of summer-time means that children cannot go to sleep early. It is too light.

There is thus an abnormally long time between when they leave school and when they can go to bed.

Mothers would be helped considerably if schools would open an hour later in the morning and close an hour later in the afternoon.—J. P., Kirkhill Terrace, Edinburgh.

Schools for Flying

Most secondary schools have playing-fields.

It isn't cricket to use them for sporting purposes in war time, when there is so great a need for aerodromes.

Turn them over to our Royal Air Force. And the boys might be allowed on them, now and then, and taught to become air-minded.—A. L. H., Westerton, Dumbartonshire.

We doubt whether there is one in the country big enough to make an efficient war aerodrome.

Here are Useful Allies on the Kitchen Front

EVEN in peace time you couldn't get a decent cup of tea on the Continent. But you could get good food.

Now that so many cooks from the Continent have taken refuge here, maybe they'll help to give variety to our English food.

A JOHN BULL man has been talking to some of them, and they've made his mouth water. They have also given him some hints to pass on to British housewives.

Here's one from France—not the product of a fashionable Paris restaurant, but a dish served up by a French housewife who has to count her pence.

Like the recipes that follow, it is enough for a family of four.

★ ★ ★

Codling Portugaise needs 1½ lb. cod, ½ lb. tomatoes, two Spring onions, a little parsley.

Slice the tomatoes and onions, cut the parsley; place some of them at the bottom of a greased dish.

Put in four slices of cod, cover with the rest of the tomatoes and parsley. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook it in oven for about twenty minutes.

You can serve it with *Marrow Provencale.*

Peel a marrow, split and cut it in pieces of about an inch square, lightly roll in flour. Put it in a frying pan with a tablespoonful of margarine and, if possible, add a drop of oil.

Salt and pepper to taste. Just before finish, slice two tomatoes and add them. Cook on a slow fire for about twenty minutes.

★ ★ ★

If your grocer has no jellies or any other suitable sweet, rice offers a good substitute.

Rice with Chocolate Sauce.—Cook ¼ lb. rice with half-pint of milk for about fifteen to twenty minutes, add a tablespoonful of sugar and a little margarine, then make a sauce from chocolate powder.

Bring it to the boil and add a teaspoonful of cornflour after it is boiling. If chocolate powder is not available, use cocoa and add two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Serve cold or warm.

The Dutch are used to very rich food. But they know some nice dishes which can be made even in these days of rationing and without much outlay.

Here's one that will be welcome on most tables:

Herring Salad.—Take two herrings and cut the four fillets in small pieces.

You'll also need 1 lb. of boiled potatoes (you can make use of any left over from the previous day); slice them with a small beetroot and eight sliced gherkins; chop two Spring onions.

Mix the whole lot and add one eggcupful of oil, one eggcupful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of sugar, salt and pepper to taste.

Add small pieces of meat if you've any left over.

For colder days a popular Dutch dish is *Hutspot.*

Take 2 lb. sliced carrots and 2½-3 lb. potatoes, add three or four onions (if you're lucky enough to have an allotment!).

Put 1 lb. of flank beef in the pot and let the whole boil for about two hours. The juice of the beef serves as suitable gravy.

★ ★ ★

The Czechs have a nice recipe for cabbage. They call it *Zeli.*

Cut a cabbage in slices and put it into boiling water. Then prepare separately a gravy from some flour and a tablespoon of margarine; after the cabbage has boiled, put it into the gravy, add vinegar, sugar and salt to taste.

Or try *Czech Dumplings*—they're also easy.

Take 1 lb. of flour, half-pint of milk mixed with half-pint of water, egg powder to the equivalent of two eggs, salt to taste.

Make a not-too-stiff paste. Cut some stale bread in small squares and mix it with the paste.

Cut out large dumplings and keep them in boiling water till they float.

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THE MAN WHO LISTENED

"John Bull's" Ten Minute Story

BY WILL SCOTT

"I" SAID John Garth, with a shake of the head, "I listened. And that's why I'm more or less of a cast-off to-day. As long as you're prepared to listen you'll find plenty of people willing to tell you: '*What you ought to do is this . . .*' I listened to them and I came to believe them.

"I did, in the end, what they told me I ought to do, not what I wanted to do. Instead of going my own way I went theirs."

John Garth and Henry, his only son, stood side by side at the railings opposite Jack Straw's Castle, looking down on London. It was three years before the war, an evening in September.

"Nelson, Drake, Shakespeare," John Garth went on, ". . . they didn't listen to prating fools who knew how to run other people's lives better than their own.

"They turned a deaf ear, and that's what I hope you'll do, as I ought to have done. They followed their own star. That's the only way to do it."

An aeroplane climbed into the sky behind them from somewhere over Harrow and with twinkling lights made off towards the great city below them.

"There'll be some careers to be made out of those things before long," said John Garth. "*And* fortunes. . . . Motor-cars it was in my day.

"But nobody said to me, 'You ought to go into the motor business, John; there'll be fortunes in the motor business.' And I *did* fancy it. But everybody told me what a wonderful voice I'd got and that I ought to go on the stage. And I listened. . . ."

He took out a pipe and began to stuff tobacco into it.

"So many of them told me that I thought they couldn't *all* be wrong. And, anyway, the stage was easy money. Or so everybody said. . . . And so I went on the stage. And a fine mess I made of things!"

John Garth fumbled for a match. The aeroplane, which seemed to be just beyond Parliament Hill Fields, began to dip probably on the other side of the Thames. Henry Garth, his eyes on it, stirred.

"And so, my boy," John Garth went on, "go your own way; follow your own star. Take no notice of anybody. You'll meet them in droves later on.

"'What *you* ought to do, Henry. . . .' Walk away, that's my advice. Follow your star. Take no notice. I did. And look at me!"

He struck a match and began to puff at his pipe.

"Motor-cars. . . . Yes, I might have made a fortune. I had ideas that way. But everybody told me I ought to go on the stage. 'You've got such a wonderful voice!' they said. 'It's a gift—and gifts should not be wasted.' And I was flattered. I listened.

"And it took me fifteen years to find out I wasn't the only one gifted—by hundreds. And then it was too late. . . ."

He looked at the match without seeing it, tossed it away.

"It'll be something else in a year or two. There'll still be fortunes—careers. You'll have to look about for yourself, boy. But whatever you do, don't listen to people who think they know better than you how to run your life."

John Garth shivered in the evening breeze.

"Better be getting down home, boy," he said.

"What's that, dad?" Henry Garth turned.

"Better be getting down home."

"Oh, yes. Yes. I'm ready. Any time you like."

At the Underground station John Garth bought an evening paper and shook his head at what it had to tell him.

"A fine world it's becoming," he said.

And then Henry started. Europe was finished. What opportunities were there in Europe for a young man to-day—or what opportunities would there be for another generation? Look at the men up top?

Statesmen? There wasn't a statesman in the country! Not a leading man anywhere with real vision. . . .

It went on long after they had reached home. The boy's mother looked at him in admiration, his sister with a proud smile on her lips.

"If I could put things as you put them, Henry," she said, "I'd go in for politics."

"Politics? Huh!"

"But you say yourself there's no one in Parliament with real vision. You have. You put things so that people can *see*. And when one has a gift I think it's a sin to waste it."

John Garth, shaking his head, turned away and sighed.

"Anyway," said Henry emphatically, "I don't see what I or anybody else can do for Europe. Europe's finished. One of these bright days I'll be sailing for somewhere where life itself is young and has a chance. Canada!"

"I wish," said John Garth, "I could help you, my boy."

"Help?" Henry smiled and patted his father's shoulder. "It's not help I want, father. When the time comes I'll work my passage across and start on my own feet somehow. You'll see."

They saw.

LETTER from Henry in Canada:

I'm in a drawing-office in a big works to start with. Nothing much, but the start's everything, as somebody once said. I'm quite settled here and get on O.K. with the people. I'm afraid I talk too much.

Anyway, everybody tells me I've got a gift for talking. (It's only when I'm wound up, really, as you know.) I get lots of advice to go in for politics.

I know I CAN *talk, about things I'm interested in, when I get going; but why do people take it for granted that a man who can explain things lucidly* OUGHT *to be a politician? But you'd be surprised at the number of people who tell me it's my* DUTY. . . .

"And so it is," asserted his sister when she had read the letter. "If we had more people of Henry's kind in charge and running things in the different countries, the countries wouldn't be in the mess they *are* in to-day."

"The best thing Henry can do is to take no notice," his father declared. "I had a talk to him once, one night up on Hampstead Heath. I don't think Henry'll be a listener—like I was. Henry's all right."

* * *

Cutting from leading article in the *Daily Globe*, July 17, 1941:

The sudden emergence of the *Titan*, the most powerful aeroplane in the world, and certainly the most surprising weapon that has so far come out of the war, has sent a wave of hope surging through all the democratic countries.

It has proved almost as big a surprise for us as it has for the enemy, and, judging by the numbers at which the amazing machine is now being turned out in Canada, we may with some hope look to a shortened road to victory.

If the product is a product of our great dominion across the Atlantic, at least it came to life in the brain of a young man from the motherland, Henry Garth, and we in this country may take an especial pride. . . .

Cutting from news column of the *Evening Wire*:

Mr. Henry Garth, probably the most brilliant designer of aircraft in the world, and creator of the phenomenal *Titan*, is now in this country on a special mission from the Canadian Government. Mr. Garth expects to be in London for three weeks.

Interviewed by the *Evening Wire*, Mr. Garth stated that it had been a dream of his for many years to design the world's greatest aircraft. "I never thought," he said, "that it would ever be more than a dream, and I kept the idea I had about it to myself.

"But new times and a new country, unhampered by ancient methods and traditions, gave me the chance for which I had been waiting. And other chances will come. The *Titan* is often referred to as the last word in aeroplanes. You can take it from me that it isn't. Rather it is only the first of a number of surprises."

Mr. Garth, who is staying in London at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Garth . . .

ONCE more John Garth and Henry, his only son, stood side by side at the railings opposite Jack Straw's Castle, looking down on London—or, rather, on a ring of searchlights that showed where London was.

"So they didn't make a politician of you, Henry?" said John.

He chuckled, and Henry laughed outright.

"Could you see it?"

"Well, yes," John admitted. "Yes—if you'd let yourself be talked into it. You had the gift of the gab, boy—if it is a gift. You might have done something; though not as much as you have done."

"This is what I always wanted to do, dad. Well, for years, anyway."

"And you didn't let them talk you into anything else. Well, well, my little bit of advice wasn't wasted after all—like some advice sometimes is."

"Advice, dad?"

"You remember the last time we walked up here?"

"I do, indeed. Four years—how long ago is it? Five years?"

"All of that."

"The night the aeroplane passed over us."

"Did it? I can't remember anything about an aeroplane. I know we were having a talk. I was telling you not to make the mistake I made with my life, and listen to any fool who was ready to tell you what to do.

"Follow your own star, I said; live your own life and go your own way. Don't you remember?"

"Did you, dad?"

"Well, didn't I?"

"I can't remember, dad. All I remember is the aeroplane, and how I might——"

"But I went on for *ages*, boy!"

"Did you, dad? Well, I'm very sorry, but I don't remember a thing about it. Only the aeroplane. I'm very, very sorry indeed, but I'm afraid I can't have been listening."

An aeroplane climbed into the sky behind them from somewhere over Harrow and with twinkling lights made off towards the great city below them.

"There'll be some careers to be made out of those things before long," said John Garth. "And fortunes. . . . Motor-cars it was in my day"

Both carefully washed but

When your dainty clothes need washing, use Persil! Persil keeps your woollies soft, your coloureds sprightly—it preserves the sheen of silk. Yes, Persil is an absolute boon these days, with dainty things so precious! Although Persil is so thorough, it's gentle too. Clothes last for ages when washed the Persil way.

Sometimes little points crop up that rather bother you. Maybe in the rinsing, the drying, or the ironing. Or the actual washing. No matter what it is, just drop a line to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs—she'll be only too pleased to give you free advice.

Economise this way

It's all the more important these days, when you want all your clothes and household linen to last as long as possible, to use Persil. Persil's gentleness makes things last.

Persil washes so gently that it makes woollens last longer

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WAR WORK

is *your* opportunity to be in the big attack. Every day the new arms factories want more and more workers—particularly women.

WAR WORK

is the one thing Hitler fears. He knows it must beat him sooner or later.

WAR WORK

is quickly learnt. There are Training Centres all over the country and you are paid while you learn.

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is waiting for YOU. Just go to your local Employment Exchange and they will make all arrangements. Any Post Office will tell you the address.

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Though it's the delicious nutty flavour of golden Weetabix he's saluting, it is the quality of Weetabix that is helping to make him such a bright boy. And it's helping all the family, young and old. There is such a lot of nourishment in such a little Weetabix. Never a scrap of waste. Every crumb counts. No cooking. Eaten dry, or with hot or cold milk, or as a sandwich of any sort, or to make other dishes go further.

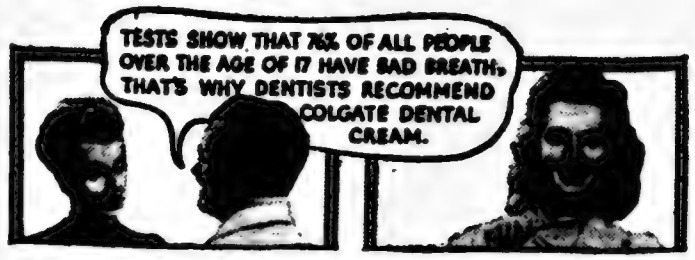
Weetabix More than a Breakfast Food!

Standard Size 7½d. Double Size 1/1d.

WEETABIX Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, NORTHANTS.

She can't understand why men who find her so attractive at first sight, soon find an excuse for dropping her. That's the worst of bad breath. Its victims never know what everyone else knows only too well.

Yet Dentists say:



Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam which delves right into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clear away decaying food particles and stops those stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath.

Change to Colgate's and see how that penetrating foam makes your mouth feel clean and refreshed. Watch how your teeth grow brighter, more sparkling. You'll love its flavour, too. It's quite the nicest way to conquer bad breath.

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3 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d. *Including Tax*

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily: If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

½d. PER GALLON!

That's all it costs for the World's best vegetable fertiliser.

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form will make good this loss in 6 Hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot burn or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen, and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES

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JAYS the ONLY Firm to give

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Let's Laugh at the Egotists

IT really isn't worth while nursing a sense of grievance against those people who try to make us look small. They ought to provide us with a little tax-free entertainment

says HUMANIST

SEQUEL to my recent remarks about the so-called inferiority complex is a young man's assertion that all good-looking girls suffer from a sense of superiority!

His letter goes on:

I have been lunching with a girl who is extremely attractive. And she knows it.

Everything I said during the meal was either flatly contradicted or added to in such a way as to make me feel an ignoramus.

I have never been made to feel more uncomfortable in my life, and I was positively glad to get out of her sight.

She was always inclined to be snobbish, but on this occasion at least I expected to be treated with a little consideration.

Later in the day I met some less dazzling girls from the place where I used to work. I was immediately made to feel at home in their company.

As a rule I am a good "mixer" and get on very well with the other sex; but this girl is the one exception.

I am bound to come into contact with her again—and I would love to put her in her right perspective as an ordinary human being.

Perhaps you will suggest how I should go about it?

Evidently this young man is suffering from a sense of defeat. He has lost the first round and wants to have his revenge!

He wishes to make the girl feel as small as she made him. Frankly, I don't think it is worth attempting.

BUT before I say anything more, let me quote from a mother's letter which raises a similar problem.

I married rather late in life and have two children—a girl of seventeen and a boy of twelve. My husband and I have been ideally happy so far, but the children are driving a wedge between us and we quarrel frequently.

The girl is clever and won a scholarship, but the High School has made her an awful snob.

She was very popular—everyone's favourite—and when she was made chief prefect she became more conceited than ever.

She seems to hate her brother, who is a real boy. He is generous and lovable, but very "cussed."

There is a continual war between them, which gets worse and worse as they grow older.

My husband and I are in the fifties and don't feel we can stand it.

I don't want to break up the home if it can be helped, but at present our life is just hell.

After every row my husband sulks for days and looks as miserable as sin. Otherwise he is a wonderful husband and he regards me as a fine wife and mother.

My nerves are affected by air raids. And then this trouble between the two children makes life unbearable.

The best suggestion I can offer is that the parents should not allow themselves to be drawn into the conflict. An attitude of neutrality ought to be fairly simple.

Reading between the lines, I imagine the mother sides with the boy and the father with the girl.

The idea of breaking up the home is quite absurd. The boy and girl won't always feel this hostility, and in any case the girl will probably marry early.

But the problem of "superiority" and "swank" is constantly met with, both in men and women. It is annoying, but not serious enough to excite fury.

I have never been made to feel more uncomfortable in my life, and I was positively glad to get out of her sight

★

Let us save our anger for people who are greedy, selfish, mean, or cruel. It ought not to be wasted on those who merely try to show off.

Egotists blow their own trumpets because nobody else will.

Really, they ought to provide us with a little tax-free entertainment. Why not laugh about them?

NOT long ago I had this letter from a woman who was immensely amused by a conceited brother-in-law:

According to his own talk, he has done everything and been everywhere.

Mention foreign languages—and he can speak French and German well enough to pass for a native. Mention sport—he is an expert in everything.

Billiards? His breaks go on for days. Cricket? He knocks up centuries against the fastest bowling. Tennis? Well, he hasn't exactly played on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, but he could if he wished.

If anyone asked if he could swim he would say "Swim? Like a fish! Never needed teaching. It came by instinct."

If he went in for politics he would be Prime Minister in no time.

Some day he is going to write a book which will be a terrific success on both sides of the Atlantic. But he doesn't feel in the mood for it just yet.

At first I used to be angry when he bragged, but now I egg him on and on to see how far he will go. He is a source of everlasting amusement.

It must be wonderful to have such illusions about oneself, but in his heart of hearts the man knows they are only day-dreams.

Psychologists say that this "superiority complex" is really an inferiority sense in disguise. The victim is refusing to recognise the truth about himself.

The secret feeling of being a failure is concealed in many ways. Bragging is one of the easiest.

Solitary drinking is another.

I MENTION this because it gives me an opportunity to deal with a fairly common problem. The following letter comes from a woman who is worried about her brother.

He is nearly forty-five and has been married for twenty years.

He and his wife get along quite happily together. Their three children are a credit to them.

But he has started secret drinking lately and seems unable to stop. I am afraid he will end as a dipsomaniac.

I am not bigoted on the subject of alcohol. I like a glass of stout myself occasionally.

I don't see why a man shouldn't have a pint of beer to his dinner if he enjoys it.

Nor do I see any reason why he should not have an hour in the "local" with his pals if he can afford it. After a hard day's work it is a harmless form of relaxation.

But when a man takes to drinking alone there must be something wrong somewhere.

He started this solitary drinking several years ago and the difference in him is alarming. If it isn't stopped he will ruin himself.

I imagine that this man had great ambitions when he was younger. He was going to do big things—perhaps become a big financier or a Cabinet Minister. Who knows?

At the age of forty he realises that he is an ordinary sort of person. His name will never be "news." He will never be a celebrity as long as he lives.

The sense of failure haunts him and he is unwilling to face the facts.

The majority of secret drinkers are doing something like this, but, naturally, they won't admit it.

It is impossible to cure them by force. In a special home for inebriates they are taken back to childhood for a time—to the place where they took the wrong turning.

The idea is to persuade them to adopt a new attitude and to become healthy-minded realists. But it is terribly hard to shed an illusion of superiority which has clung for half a lifetime.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Bombed out of his London home and the works where he was employed, Joseph Hall was evacuated with his wife and family to Devonshire.

This man served throughout the last war and was badly wounded. Later his leg had to be amputated.

Now that he has recovered from the shock of bombing, and has the offer of a job in London, he and his wife are anxious to return. But they cannot afford the fares.

Their two boys, aged eleven and thirteen, would remain in Devonshire. Their eldest son, a Dunkirk survivor, recently served in the East and is now expected home on sick leave.

The whole family needs shoes and clothing; the furniture storage account is in arrears.

A few pounds would enable Mr. Hall to make a fresh start and do useful war work.

We rely on our sympathetic readers to assist him. Donations earmarked "Despondent," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny contributed is devoted to the fund.

We are grateful to anonymous donors.

FIRST INTENT

WE are all what we are, and no matter how much we may strain and strive, there's an individual something within us which stays alive, even though we may control it until it seems to be spent, but when something unusual happens we return to our first intent.

AND thus are all nations created from this intense individual strain, and that is what makes them go to war for one cause again and again, and though they may alter their customs, their laws, their dress, and their kings, when a great upheaval happens they all do the same old things.

AND this is the way of the Germans, they remain what they were before, within them is something that worships all the accoutrements of war. Within them is something that fills them with a desperate urge for world power and no matter how altered their mode of life, they strike when chance gives them the hour.

THEN let us be ever wary of their fanatical pride of race, let us not when we have beaten them try to force them into a place in the Gathering of Nations into one workable whole, let us leave this war-sated nation its own way to find its soul.

WE are all what we are, but no matter how the world's pendulum swings, and alters the shapes of countries making Life's squares into rings, let us each one be wary of pacts which by their existence could shape a strange unity of cross purposes from which our children will fight to escape

J. M.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Make up what she's missing with Mars!

These days, especially, children need lots of calories — the fuel element of food which must constantly be replaced. So thank goodness for Mars! There are 270 calories in every Mars Bar —that chunky chocolate-coated bar with its toothsome caramel layer and delicious malted centre. But supplies are limited. So be unselfish. Leave Mars for the youngsters.

COMPARE THE FOOD VALUE YOU GET FOR 2½d	
FOOD	CALORIES FOR 2½d
EGGS	41
MILK	212
BEEF	131
BOILED SWEETS	145
Mars	270

Mars

Grand Food Grand Flavour

2½d

Washing without an Acme is like cooking without a stove

The makers deeply regret the enforced shortage of Acme Wringers due to war-time restrictions. Many regular Dealers are at present without supplies but, when conditions allow, immediate steps will be taken to replace used-up stocks.

WRINGER — MANGLE — CLEANSER —
ALL IN ONE!

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

The stuff to give 'em

Harry : What wouldn't I give to let the Jerries have a bit of what we've had here!

Bob : Give? You don't have to *give!*

Harry : Meaning what?

Bob : Just this. You are asked to *lend* every shilling you can in War Savings and to lay off spending on things you can do without: then you are really helping to hit back.

Harry : How's that?

Bob : You are freeing men and machines for war jobs instead of keeping them busy on unnecessary work.

Harry : H'm. It never struck me like that.

Bob : And the less you spend, the more you'll lend. You'll feel good when you see a nice bit of money standing to your credit.

Harry : Now you're talking—hit back and help yourself at the same time. That's the stuff to give 'em!

Don't Spend—DO Lend

Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustees Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.

NOW, AS ALWAYS, THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET

Still made from stocks of fine tobaccos carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained

20 FOR 1/1D

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ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

What do I do...

when I get my new Ration Book?

I do nothing until July 7th. I then take the book for registration (between 7th and 19th July) to shops from which I wish to buy rationed foods during the next twelve months. I fill in the counterfoils myself.

Whether I wish to change my retailers or not, *I must re-register before July 19th.*

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by
The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by the Brewers' Society

END SUMMER SKIN WORRIES

WHY put up with sunburn, heat spots, rashes, insect bites and other Summer skin worries when there's Zam-Buk? The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk easily absorb into the skin, soothing away pain and irritation, allaying swelling and inflammation and bringing you a clear, unblemished skin.

Excellent, too, for sore aching feet, blistered heels, and everyday injuries.

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment.

PROPAX

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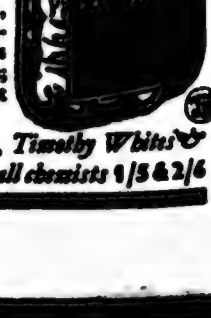
antidote to pain

Propax does more than kill your pain; it cleanses your system of the poisons that cause it. Works wonders for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds and nervepains; can't hurt heart or digestion.



From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists 1/5 & 2/6

BOYS OF THE A.R.P. BRIGADE

● ***HEROES UNLIMITED. Everyone in Britain is in the battle, and bravery has become almost commonplace. But some deeds still stand out—like the splendid conduct of these messenger boys***

YOUNG John Venables seems to like fire bombs.

"When the sirens sound," his mother says, "I just can't keep John at home."

Maybe it goes without saying that he lives in Coventry.

On its great night of history, Johnny was out in the streets. He was in back gardens where incendiaries were blazing. He went off fire-fighting on his own in flaming sheds.

He was everywhere.

Somehow, whenever the police wanted sand or spades, Johnny seemed to turn up with everything magically ready.

He raced round the streets to discover where bombs had fallen, and outpaced all other A.R.P. messengers in reporting their position.

One incendiary was spurting its flames in a difficult position under a car in a garage.

While somebody drove the car away, Johnny dealt with the fire.

In the house an incendiary had set light to a ton of coke. You never saw such a coke fire!

But it wasn't too much for Johnny.

That night he dealt with ten incendiaries.

Whenever Nazi eggs are dropping near his home, you'll find Johnny—waiting for 'em!

HE is only one of the young heroes who have gained honourable mention in the ranks of the Commended. Sixteen-year-old Messenger Alf Pearce is another.

Tearing through the black-out on his bike with an urgent official message, he was knocked down by an unlighted car.

Picking himself out of the gutter, Alf Pearce could scarcely stand.

Swift arrows of pain coursed down his legs. Blood seeped through his trousers and over his sock. His bike was a wreck.

Alf picked it up and carefully put it where it could cause no harm at the side of the road. Then he set out to drag himself to the report centre two miles away.

Sometimes, screened in the darkness, he yelled aloud in pain.

But he reached the centre. "Messenger Pearce . . .!" he said—and fainted.

MASTER PETER SPRINGHALL gained a chance to distinguish himself when terrific bomb damage was meted to a block of flats.

Beneath the huge weight of débris, it was known, casualties waited for aid.

The rescue men were in a quandary. They dared not set foot on the precarious mass lest the extra weight should send it hurtling on to the people below.

At the same time, until reconnaissance could be made over the débris, rescue operations would be useless.

Peter Springhall is only a little chap. He weighs, as you might say, little more than a cat.

"Let me explore!" he volunteered.

In the darkness, light of foot, he scrambled into the veil of dust and shadowy confusion.

The wreckage creaked beneath his feet. Yawning holes threatened to hurl him down.

Turning them to account, Peter clambered into the depths in search of the casualties. He shouted, and from the darkness came a muffled reply.

Here is a typical boy hero of the blitz — sixteen-year-old A.R.P. messenger Micky O'Connor, who put out nine incendiary bombs and saved a famous city church from destruction

Carefully, Peter noted the exact position. Swiftly he returned to the rescue men with a capable report that resulted in the saving of life.

Incendiaries? This boy hero is their master.

Once, the only way to extinguish a fire bomb that seriously endangered property was by a precarious climb along a garden wall.

It was a veritable tightrope act.

Sheds were blazing on each side. Smarting sparks blew into his eyes. The suffocating smoke made him gasp for breath.

There, in almost as bad a plight as the "burning deck" hero, stood this boy with his stirrup pump.

While he played the hose, three policemen took turns to pump.

It was enough to scorch his clothes, but young Peter stayed put. That is the way with heroes.

IN a village "somewhere in England," A.R.P. Incident Officer Bill Radford turned out for the most intense air raid his county ever experienced.

Forty acres of glass-roofed nurseries had attracted the enemy. Perhaps they took the moon-lit reflection for the lights of the town.

They literally plastered the glass-houses with high-explosives.

Bill Radford stayed in the thick of it, fighting fires, getting casualties away.

Flying glass cut him badly. Shocked, bleeding, he still stuck to the job.

If experience trains heroes, it is going to be as hard to account for these valiants of the villages as for the toughness of kids who might have been cushily billeted.

WARDEN CROZIER had a quiet time in his rural area.

But swift, unexpected attack was not too sudden for Crozier.

A farm-hand was driving a horse-rake—a splendid military objective for Hitler!

The bomb hit the earth a few yards away, severely injuring the driver. The horse, blown over by blast, staggered up—and bolted.

On duty in the road, Crozier saw the fear-crazed animal galloping madly towards him.

Leaping for the reins, he clung for dear life.

For a few yards the horse dragged him along until, tugging on the bit, Crozier managed to divert him into a farmyard. Wild-eyed, saliva-covered, the horse plunged and reared.

Another instant, and Crozier was flung down and found himself pinned against the fence. He was in danger of being severely kicked or mauled, but he struggled up.

Calming, coaxing, he edged the horse into a stable. Next, he went out to give first-aid to the injured horseman.

It was all in the day's work!

AND what about Wardens Goold and Weekes, a couple of "twins" in the ranks of the commended?

Without stirrup-pump or any fire-fighting apparatus, they faced up to a large incendiary which would have been a fighting job for the A.F.S.

As the woman next door said: "It had fallen through the roof and was burning away near the bedstead. You should have seen the flames, the smoke! The room must have been an inferno.

"The fire was so fierce that when I heard they were in that room tackling the incendiary, I could hardly believe it."

What was more, the bedroom had been locked.

Weekes burst the door in.

Goold had hopes of flinging the bomb out of the window.

Catching hold of the bed-tick, he wrapped it round his hand and tried to remove the bomb with this scant protection.

The task was impossible. The bomb was white-hot.

Would-be helpers who entered the room were driven out, so intense was the heat, but the two wardens stayed on.

At one time they had only a watering-can with which to fight the fire.

Then, after some delay, sand was brought and a house stirrup-pump produced for action.

With this pump, Goold and Weekes extinguished the other fires in the district.

Maybe it's easy to be a hero in a sudden emergency. Maybe it's not so easy still to prove a hero in the aftermath.

Both were suffering from severely burned hands. Both went from house to house removing furniture, scorning pain.

"You should take two days off!" Goold was told by a doctor.

He refused. He was on war work, and he went to work as usual.

His own wife did not know what had happened—for Goold, like all his type, refused to speak of his pluck.

"When he came home," she says, "I didn't half give it him for the mess he was in!"

Still Goold said nothing. It takes a hero to be a hero!

Why the Postman Still Calls

THROUGH the thin roof of the sorting-room came the clamour of the *blitz*. But the five sorters on duty were too busy to look up.

A bomb fell slap in the middle of the big room. Its blast smashed the lights and buried men, tables, letters beneath a muddle of bricks, timber and girders.

A few seconds of stunned, dusty silence. Then a man wriggled out. Within a few seconds, armed with a hurricane lamp, he was hauling wreckage off his mates.

And, within minutes, the five men were delving into the appalling mess to rescue the mail.

Incendiaries whistled into the débris. Water was rising. Buildings next door rumbled down.

★ ★ ★

But through that night the job of rescuing and sorting mail went on.

Burned and damaged letters were put gently aside for later "first aid" treatment.

Not until the job was done did the men—three of them wounded—knock off. All except one hospital case turned up as usual for duty on the next shift.

Just an "incident." But it's typical of how the 270,000 men and women of the Post Office are carrying on—with returned pensioners and thousands of women to replace the 45,000 called to the Services.

★ ★ ★

Surrounded by blazing buildings, with its window curtains alight during the district's worst raid—the workers in one top floor 'phone exchange were ordered down to shelter. Two men operators refused.

Through a night of bombs they passed vital calls, until daylight revealed the ruins that entirely surrounded the building.

In another top-floor exchange bombs pierced and smashed the blacked-out glass roof. Lights had to be turned off.

But the girl operators worked through the night, half suffocated, with tarpaulins thrown over them and their boards to conceal the winking "calling lamps" but with no real protection overhead.

Lead cables melted, the room filled with stifling smoke, but operators in yet another exchange calmly passed calls while water hosed through the broken roof gradually quenched the fire.

Repairing 'phone lines is work for brave men.

Such brave men as the gang that toiled for seven days and nights on vital bomb-blasted trunk and junction cables.

They had to tunnel through sodden clay to reach the ends, while water and foul sewage filtered into the crater and tunnel until the air was almost unbreathable.

Warned that the tunnel might collapse and bury them at any moment, they insisted on working on.

★ ★ ★

Such brave men as the two volunteers who worked for six hours on broken defence cables, with water and gas mains erupting and two time bombs within twenty yards.

Such as the other volunteer gang that repaired an urgent cable while several time bombs lay within 100 yards. Two bombs went off during the job, but nobody stopped work.

So the Post Office carries on.

Your Chemist recommends—

CALVEX

BRAND CARBOLIC OINTMENT

He knows good how it is

Your first aid

CALVEX BRAND OINTMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

Regrets

LIMITED CIVILIAN SUPPLIES

So great are the requirements of H.M. Forces that only very limited quantities of "BLANCO" Brand WHITE CLEANER are available for civilians and we are obliged to disappoint many thousands of users. After the war normal supplies will again be available and the quality of "BLANCO" even better than ever before

BLANCO

WHITE CLEANER

WARNING! Joseph Pickering & Sons, Ltd., Sheffield, England, are the sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Get up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/- & 3/- (Plus Tax) on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

For Kidneys, Rheumatism, Bladder

THE MIGHTY RATION

Confidence and Courage come quickly when Nerves and Stomach are brought to "War Strength." You can get rid of the "enemy in our midst"—Nervous Dyspepsia—by simply adding a mealtime ration of two Tablets of Yestamin Vitamin Yeast. Its amazing double-action fortifies the Nerves and so strengthens Digestion that your meals really put new life into you. Yestamin imparts a Mighty Ration of Energy and Strength, and any invalid or child can safely enjoy the remarkable tonic powers of Yestamin. Start to-day—a fortnight's course costs but 1/1½d. and can give your health and whole outlook a wonderful "lift."

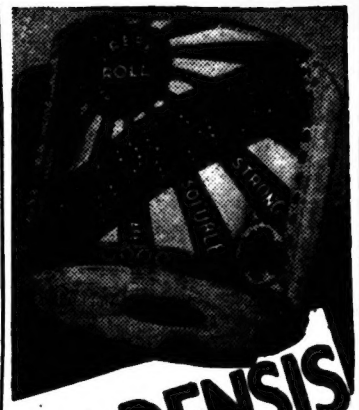
Of all Chemists.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets

40 for 7d. 100 for 1/1½

The English Grains Co., Ltd., Burton-on-Trent



CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

THE LAST LAUGH

J. L. (Cheam).—"My doctor tells me that the cheque I gave him has come back. What shall I do?" Tell him your symptoms have done the same.

G. F. (London, S.W.).—"Did you see the jokes I left for you at your office recently?" We did—before you were born.

F. F. (Brough).—"Men remain at work longer now than they used to do." Or tell their wives so, anyway.

J. L. (Woking).—"You'll be pleased to hear that the stork has smiled on me and the wife. We've got twins." Lucky for you the stork didn't laugh out loud!

T. E. (Plymouth).—"Much of our modern music is so fast and hot that you can't even tell what song the band is playing." Much less what song it was stolen from.

MILLY (Bolton).—"What is your opinion of artists' models in general?" They're a lazy lot—only work when the boss is looking.

BILL (Baildon).—"What sounds worse than a gramophone when it's run down?" A pedestrian who is almost run down.

K. R. (Tunstall).—"When I was last in America the town in which I lived ran a big charity affair with Lady Godiva to ride down the main street on a horse. When that happened the place was jammed with people." Because, we suppose, it was such a long time since they'd seen a horse?

B. R. (Dundee).—"My wife tells me that she will spend all her time looking after the old folks when I go off to the Army." See letter below.

MRS. R. (Dundee).—"I have no intention of burying myself alive when my husband is called up. Many of my old boy friends have offered to take me out when he is away, and I am going to take advantage of their offers." See letter above.

M. V. (Elstree).—"My wife wanted ten pounds for her summer outfit in 1940. I wonder what she will want for it this year?" Coupons.

POET (Bloomsbury).—"My next volume of verse will not be published until we have won the war." Nevertheless, the sooner we have won the war the better.

G. N. (Rochester).—"Listening to the Rome radio the other night I heard a speaker say that the Duce, surrounded by his War Council, was like Alexander planning a campaign." Alexander, of course, had a ragtime band, too.

G. F. (Knockholt).—"What is the best way to keep flies down in a kitchen?" Well, placing a flat-iron on them takes a bit of beating.

F. N. (Nuneaton).—"As soon as I get my wages I put them into a special type of purse. What do you put yours into?" Circulation again.

TOMMY (Walsall). — "Teacher told us that in Africa there are millions of square miles without a single school." Still, you can't get there while the war is on, Tommy.

F. M. (Kettering).—"If leaflets dropped from 'planes do not cause uneasiness among the civil population, I'd like to know just what they do cause?" Litter.

DOCTOR (Manchester).—"A cough is usually a bad sign." Though occasionally a good hint.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Ground thoroughly worked to a couple of feet in depth will grow satisfactory crops for a REASON or two even without manure."

SUNDAY POST:—"One is a fire-fighter, another a water-carrier, yet another a FIRST-RAID expert, and so on."

THE SCOTSMAN:—"Can lady offer, on upper floor of her country home, accommodation at moderate rent, without attendance, to quiet reliable SPRINTER?"

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What do yer mean, 'Hitler's normal'? Blimey! 'e's the sort o' bloke that if yer turned the light out 'e'd shine in the dark!"

HOME-MADE RECIPE FOR SUMMER COLDS.

Here is a medicine you can make up at home, which will stop those horrid summer colds getting a chance to develop. Make it up now and keep it handy. A dose to-day is worth a dozen too late. Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength) which is made up of ten separate, concentrated medicaments. You may add a little sugar, syrup or juice from canned fruit or jam if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day, for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

BACKACHE

URINARY TROUBLE | RHEUMATIC PAIN
PAINFUL JOINTS | AND LUMBAGO

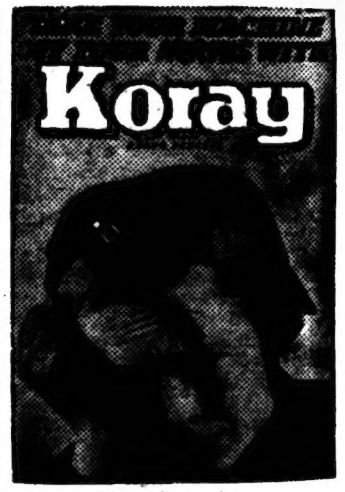
Stimulate Lazy Kidneys

IF more people were aware that poisonous wastes which would injure health must constantly be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when Kidney action lags. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills would be taken before the trouble grew worse.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of giddiness, getting up at nights, swellings, puffiness under the eyes.

Use Doans Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won world-wide recommendation.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Incl. tax)



WHEN YOU LEAVE YOUR WORK DOES IT LEAVE YOU?

When you've stopped working the drill, do you still feel it working in your head? When you've come off the machine, does it go on vibrating in your brain? YOU MUST GET SOME REST. Take KORAY and take your work off your n-e-r-v-e-s. KORAY means rest—sweet sleep, renewed energy, freedom from aches. At once, this amazing pink tablet brings glorious peace to jangled overstrained nerves. And it simply smashes pain of all kinds. Get KORAY to-day, and keep on top.

KORAY GIVES INSTANT SAFE RELIEF in cases of "Nerves," Head Pains, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Feverish Colds, Malaria, Feminine Ailments, etc.

KORAY LTD., London, N.8., and at Blackpool

£200 for BULLETS and BIG NEW CASH OFFER for XWORDS

PRIZES value over

£50 FIRST PRIZE £10 £4 £2 29/- 27/- 3 of 25/- 60 of 26/-

£50 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,278.
Mrs. D. Young, 6, The Rundle, Penge Rd., Station.
Example: GENERAL OF TO-DAY
Bullet: WELL WATER—NEED W TANKS?
£10: Mrs. V. Eastwood, 42, Hartopher Rd., Hove.
Example: Old Wife & Pie
Bullet: And Perfect Ride, Stanton.
£10: A. Le Allsworth, 24, Stanton Av., Woodsetton, Dudley, Worcs.
Example: Why Hitler's Encouraging
Bullet: Rash—Pausing Time's "Stash."
£5: Mrs. Cade, 6, Hill Top, Rowlands
To Pay For The War—"Bullseye," Sitting on "Eggs."
£4: E. Hungal, The Bungalow, Ringwood Rd., St. Leonards, Hants.
Soldier Of To-day—Slay "Gal" Make All!
£3: C. J. Schooling, 194a, Hertford Rd., Enfield, Sunshine—Glimmers, Almost Sunshine" "Scrap."
£2: Mrs. E. Johns, 43, Fore St., Silverton.
Minister For Sale—Silk Hat Week's Khaki.
10s.: T. Wilson, 213, Leith Walk, Leith.
Movie Fight—"Spitfi"—We're Gaining "Momentum."

10s.: A. Varley, Wolsely Lane, New Clayton.
Mistake Of To-day—Minor "Selling" Outside Him.
10s.: C. J. Fitch, 42K, High St., Chatham.
Victory Government—"Blindfolded," Was Ordering "Fire!"
10s.: J. Hankins, 181, Ceiling Av., Sinkom, Co. Durham.
Movie Fight—"Him's "—" Sloth "
Sloth's Impede.
10s.: J. Hopton, 4th, Galbraigie, Glasgow.
Movie Fight—By Jove, By Jove!

A list of 3 Winners of 25s., 38 Winners of 2s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet*. Make each of your efforts sparkle like the latest prize-winners given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, Aug. 1.

$100 WON IN XWORD

No. 230.

WINNING WORDS—1, Sugd. 2, Gaon. 3, Tear. 4, Hag or Tag. 5, Ean. 6, Carve. 7, Lean. 8, Peace. 9, Mine. 10, Bash or Gash. 11, Lama. 12, Eyre. 13, Aisling. 14, Trust. 15, Fast.
$100 SHARERS—G. Gibson, 1, Water St., Northwich, Ches.; H. D. Jones, Coomsay, Pencoed; Lona, Brighton; A.C.I.E. Pritchard, R.A.F., c/o I.S. The Brow, Gilfach, Bargoed; Miss M. Simpson, Hallside, Rosneath, Dunbartonshire; Mrs. Conway, Wray, Fife; C. Swain, Dundrum, Co. Down, N. Ireland.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 25 entrants.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

HITLER v. STALIN
QUESTION OF THE MOMENT
WHAT WE MUST DO
LEARN FROM THE NAZIS AND
FIGHTING
FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE
SPIDER'S WEB
I HOPE THAT
NOT A SUCCESS
HE BROKE THE LAW, BUT
FOOD'S A MUNITION, SO
IN SPITE OF THE WAR
MAN WHO SAYS LITTLE
GOING THROUGH HELL
STILL THE BEST
WITH A HEAVY HEART
A MONSTER
RECIPE FOR VICTORY
PLOT THAT FAILED
LIKE A TORNADO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

SHOWS BRITONS ARE....
JUST AS I.....
IN.....'S OPINION
HE LOST HIS.....AND
SICK OF.....
TAUGHT.....A LESSON

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE OVER £20
Each of the 45 chief winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

These 2 PRIZE with 4 paid, then giving 6 sheets for 1s.

Fake paper entry equally eligible.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.
P.O. Value.... No. ....
Signed.....
Address .....
1,282 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 21
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

GET YOUR GUIDE TO SUCCESS

for Bullets & Xwords.

AFFIX 1d. stamp to space provided and enclose with "Bullets" or Xword Entry This makes sure of your 2,500 - word guide to success in "Bullets" & Xwords

Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bulletin" and Gazette.

£100 for 15 LETTERS!

HERE'S another batch of interesting Clues for you. Only 15 letters to fill in and a £100 cheque for the best set of Answers. Get busy on them now—AND LOOK OUT FOR THAT JOY WIRE.

PRIZES VALUE £125
£100 FIRST PRIZE RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No 234.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5d Entry-fee for 1 Col.						3d	3d	3d
1 Rounding into one may prove a bad business to man with little craft		R	O		K				
2 More work will be done if foreman's this	B	R	I		K				
3 You'll know it if you rub this the wrong way		V	E		V	E	T		
4 Many a time church has clashed with this	S	T	A		E				
5 Might prove most useful in a race	W	I	N		E	R			
6 Chap's obedience and good behaviour mixes this to mother		H	E		P				
7 More dangerous to our shipping in foggy weather	N	A	Z						
8 If soldiers can't get dubbin for their army boots, they might possibly get this					A	R	D		
9 Most of average football team's fans are this		L	O		A	L			
10 Smoking can be cause of this			L		M	P			
11 When conquering heroes come marching home, they should be welcomed by					A	N	D		
12 If weeds are to be this, wise gardener will pesky dry spell	B	U	R		E	D			
13 Many little rascal thinks he can well do without this			S		A	P			
14 Prisoner might well refer to his, to get some detail of dress just right		S	I		T	E	R		
15 Sleeper's useless is awkward to shift about very easily		B	U		K				

PLAIN PAPER Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 solutions submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rate of entry-fee.
Closing Postmark MON., JULY 21

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee. P.O. value .....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes to order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Rewards First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers to problem by Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Award in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are accepted only on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated August 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,282—or Xword No. 234. "JOHN BULL" LONDON OFFICE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.) Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 21

Last Chance!

THE MOST AMAZING BOOK OF MODERN MARVELS *Ever Published!*

"MARVELS OF THE MODERN WORLD"

"John Bull's" Great War Time Book Opportunity for every Reader.

ASTOUNDING Achievements! Incredible Inventions!! Miraculous Mastery of the Elements!!! Here is the thrill of a lifetime—one of the most amazing books ever published—"MARVELS OF THE MODERN WORLD." But so tremendous is the demand that this offer must now definitely be withdrawn. If you have not already applied for your copy of this book you must do so AT ONCE! This is your LAST CHANCE!!

The story this thrilling work tells in nearly 140,000 words and over 300 astounding photographs is dramatic—tremendous—incredible—BUT ABSOLUTELY TRUE!

You would consider this book well worth half-a-guinea but, because of its absorbing interest and genuine instructiveness to the whole family, "John Bull" makes it available at a low Privilege Price.

What do you know of the incredible things that are happening in the world to-day? The magic of the invisible rays—The marvels of radio—The development of television—The mystery of life's greatest power—The astounding conquest of the seas—The exploration of the heavens?

What do you know of the ingenious plans to build islands in the sea—To travel at 600 miles an hour—To melt ice on Mars—To harness the atom—To bring the moon within 50 miles of the earth—To guide planes by radio?

Book measures 10 in. deep by 7½ in. wide. Handsomely bound in Blue Harmonegilded Buckram. Embossed on spine in Gold. After you receive your bargain, remit only 3s. 6d. plus 1s. which includes postage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW Fill in Order Label below, affix penny stamp for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter and post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to GENERAL PUBLICITY (1941), LTD. ("Marvels of the Modern World"), John Bull Publishing Offices, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

On receipt of Order-Label you will be sent an Invoice which you then send back together with your remittance and your book will be sent to you.

Send no money now for this wonder-book, but you must post the Order Label on right AT ONCE. Supplies are limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

A Work worth Half Guinea for 3/6 PLUS 1/- which includes Postage, Packing, Insurance, etc.

John Bull Readers!

SEE FOR YOURSELF IN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS THE MARVELS AND MIRACLES THAT ARE HAPPENING NOW! READ THE THRILLING 140000 WORD COMMENTARY

INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE!

R.A.F. Shooters that carry "Spare Planes!"—Giant Tank that never Fights!—Planes that go Underwater!—£2,000 Bloodhills by Pressing a Button!—Guns as long as Cricket Pitches!—Tethered Planes in Sine-made Whirlwind!—Cameras Death Ray!—Seeing through Steel!—Television in Natural colour—Printing by Radio!—Shooting Lightning at the Moon!—Blow Half a Mile under the Sea!—Round the World in 8 Split Second!—Eyes that See a Trillion Miles!—Secrets of Mines!—Phenomena beneath the Streets!—Etc., etc.

OVER 300 ASTOUNDING PICTURES

Post Form NOW

"MARVELS OF THE MODERN WORLD"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Applies only in Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.J.s. 12/7/41

This ointment kills germs

Besides the many skin disorders which are germ caused, there are many more which refuse to clear up because—from the air or from the surrounding skin—they have become germ infected. In either event, *there can be no cure* until the hindrance to healing has been removed. The germs must be destroyed.

It is to do this—to kill the germs of septic skin conditions—that Dettol Ointment has been prepared. This emollient and curative ointment sinks deeply into the affected skin and carries with it the germicidal principle of Dettol antiseptic.

'Dettol' is everywhere established as the chosen germ-killing weapon of modern medicine. In our great hospitals today doctors and surgeons use 'Dettol' to protect their patients and protect themselves against the dread risk of septic infection.

Here into your hands is placed a new key to escape from the torment of obstinate skin complaints. Dettol Ointment brings relief and healing—works gently, surely and actively till all hindrance to safe, clean healing has been finally removed.

Dettol Ointment is recommended specially for the treatment of :—

Boils
Whitlows
Carbuncles
Impetigo
Sycosis (Barber's Rash)
Herpes (Cold Sores)
Septic Eczema
In the treatment of obstinate cases of
Varicose Ulcer (Bad Leg)
success has been remarkable.

DETTOL Brand **OINTMENT**

From your chemist 1/5 includes tax

Healing and *Actively* Antiseptic

RECKITT & SONS, HULL AND LONDON. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

THE NEW RATION BOOKS

You will have to register again this time whether you wish to change your retailer or not. You can choose any retailer you like but it is best to register your whole family at the same shop. There is no need to go to the same shop for everything.

You must register between July 7 and 19. If you have not registered by July 19, you may not get your rations when your new book starts on July 28.

HOW TO REGISTER.

You will find counterfoils in both the Main Book, page 25 (page 23 in Child's Book) and in the Yellow Book (pages 12 and 13).

Fill in the counterfoils yourself. Do not ask the retailer to do it for you. He is very short of staff and has not the time.

MEAT, Yellow Book, page 13.
Fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your butcher.
NOTE.—Write a large C on the Yellow Meat counterfoil which you fill in for your child if the child has a green Ration Book.

BUTTER, MARGARINE AND COOKING FATS, Yellow Book, page 13.
On the butter and margarine counterfoil fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your retailer.
NOTE.—Do not write on the counterfoil for cooking fats. You do not have to register separately for cooking fats but they must be bought from the same shop as your butter and margarine.

SUGAR AND PRESERVES. Yellow Book, page 12.
Fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your retailer.
NOTE.—Do not register separately for preserves. They must be bought from the same shop as your sugar.

BACON AND HAM, Yellow Book, page 13.
Fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your retailer.

CHEESE, Main Book, page 25. Child's Book, page 23.
The counterfoil marked with a large B must be used. Fill in your name and address, and the name and address of your retailer.
NOTE.—If you are entitled to the special 8 ozs. cheese ration do NOT use this counterfoil. Take your Ration Book to the Food Office between July 7 and 19.

EGGS.
Fill in the name and address of your present retailer in the blank space just below the bottom line on the inside of the back cover of the Main Book. If you have not yet registered for eggs do so at once, using the counterfoil on the third spare page—page 14 of the *old* Ration Book (page 13, Child's Book.

DO NOT CUT OUT ANY OF THE COUNTERFOILS.
Take the book to the retailers concerned and they will cut them out. Make sure you fill in the names and addresses of your NEW retailers inside the front and back covers of the Main Book.

[**Fill in *your own* name and address on the reference leaf—top section only (Main Book, page 3). Fill in the date of birth in the bottom half, if under 18. *Do not cut this page out.***]

FOOD FACTS 49

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

ONLY Phensic relieved the HEAD PAINS

HERE is a letter which illustrates the great power of Phensic to stop pain and calm nerves. Mrs. L. A., of Bournemouth, tells us that "*After a bout of influenza with complications, including inflammation in both ears, for which I had all kinds of treatment, the only thing to ease the terrible pain was PHENSIC. Within 15 minutes I was able to sleep.*" This letter reveals, not only the pain-killing power of Phensic, but also its comforting, tonic effect.

Try Phensic when you feel dull, or weary, or when you feel symptoms of cold or chill. Millions have proved there's nothing to match Phensic. Get some now! 2D

Prices 3½d, 7d, 1/5, 3/5, and 5/8
(*Including Purchase Tax*)

Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

SAMARITAN Toilet Rolls

Should not cost you more than 5½d PER ROLL *Including Purchase Tax*

The present emergency quality is necessitated by the quality of raw materials made available by the Authorities.

ST. ANDREW MILLS LTD, London, E.7.

A crowning achievement in diamond history

The most famous stone in the British crown is the Koh-i-noor (Mountain of Light), a richly glowing diamond weighing 103 carats. It was part of the booty gained in 1739 by Nadir Pasha, the Persian conqueror of the Mogul empire. It was bought by the Regent of Lahore in 1813 and presented, in 1850, to Queen Victoria by the East India Company.

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